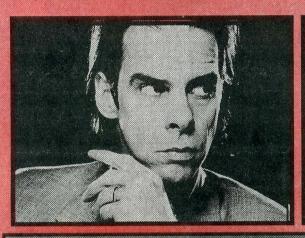


Nick Cave...George St. John never seen in the same place at the same time

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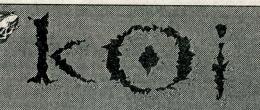




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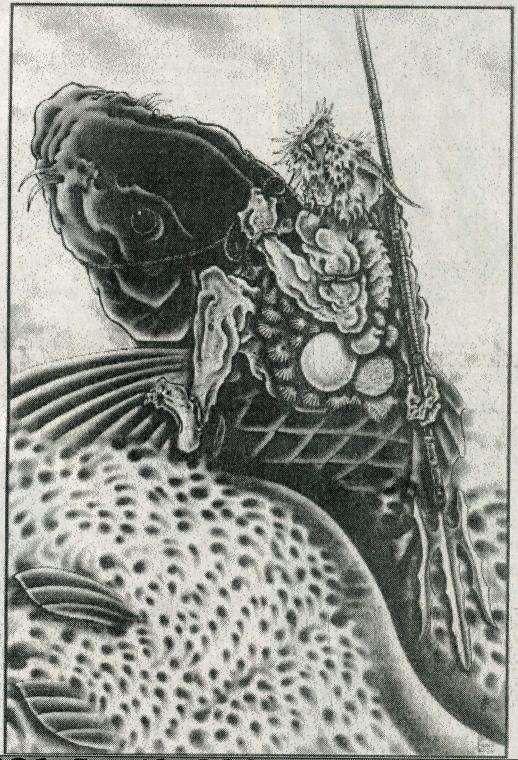
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Dear Dickheads,

I have been reading this magazine of yours, since I got out of the Navy. I have to say that you fuckers kick serious ass!!! Your mag. has done more to keep the music scene going, in this God forsaken state, than any other ever published!!! Keep up the hard work!!

Signed a die hard fan!!!

- Bucky Tript

ED Note: Obviously the Navy taught you how to give a good ass kissing.

E-mail Contact: victor_york@hotmail.com
Dear Dickheads,

Consider yourselves lucky SLC! I live in Seattle now and its not all peaches and cream! For oneeveryone here thinks they're a rock star. It appears that cloning has gone beyond sheep and Seattle has decided to clone Richard Ashcroft from The Verve. Everywhere I look there's one of these assholes standing on the corner looking as Pommie as can be! Another thing, I used to bitch about 3.2 beer when I lived in the motherland but now I see it as a blessing. At least then I could hold a decent conversation for a few hours and slowly get more uncomprehendable. Now im shit faced and puking within an hour (ok that's not necessarily a bad thing). Even when you're feeling down here there's no religious institution to blame all your problems on. You have to take responsibility. sigh*

ok, ok, ok I needed to vent a little bit..sorry. Anyway SLUG keep up the good work! You're my home away from home!

Note: Holy shit! What is this world coming to? A letter from some one actually homesick for SLC? Now I have heard everything. Excuse me why I go shoot myself...

E-mail Contact: <u>buckmcdancer@hotmail.com</u> Dear Dickheads, Let's talk for a minute you igno-

rant fuckers. In the review of the

Big John Bates album, that little weasel Kevlar 7 refers to a Dead Kennedy's cover that BJB does. In the review he calls the song, "Too Drunk to Fish" Huh?!

Jello Biafra is not a fisherman. I bet that over opinionated jackoff

even bait a decent hook, let alone cast properly. Freudian slip? Stupidity? Malevolent benevolence? You should bend Kevlar 7 over a barrel and let some of the greaser homos that hang around your 'Corporate Headquarters' pop him in the dirt chute for that one. Just one man's opinion..

-Buck McDancer

ED Note: A wise man once said "If I wanted to hear from an Asshole I'd fart..."

E-mail Contact: rhondakiss@xmission.com
Dear Dickheads,

I am writing in response to the letter in last month's issue from Buck McDancer.

I just wanted you to know I grew up with Buck and we went to Senior Prom together. I had no one else to go with so I asked Buck. Even though he had really

bad acne and split ends I knew I could turn out the light when It came time for the nookie. Buck had a tough time. Too bad in '87 there was no

Viagra

I found this photo in our yearbook and knew you would get a good laugh. Thanks,

Rhonda

P.S. Don't put my e-mail address in the issue.

ED NOTE: If anyone out there knows Buck Mcdancer and can provide us with any information to his address or where abouts, we will give you a free white trash SLUG hat. Sorry Rhonda, we print everyone's address.

E-mail Contact: halfcocked@totaldeath.com

Dear Dickheads and Dickheadettes!

This is Charlee from Halfcocked dropping you a line to thank you and the Mighty Walter for your coverage in the March issue. There are a few things I want to address (very quickly, I promise, you whores) that were left out and I also want to emphasize that the interview I did SHOULD BE READ WITH A HEALTHY SENSE OF HUMOR. If you thought I was at all serious....bummer. If you know what a cock lord I am, then you get joke.

In any case, real quickly:

- 1. Kevin K. and The Heavy Metal Shop also were a big part of making my life worth living. I remember him and Jimmy going to great pains to order me records, hook me up with stuff, and in general, be very supportive of all the things I've done over the years. May the Beast be with thee!
- 2. NOTHING can touch SLC Straight Edge circa 1990-1997. The kids and crews I got to hang with were awesome, and let me just say this: you haven't lived life until those crazy Edge heads drag you out of bed in the middle of the night to go downtown and drop bowling balls off the roof of Crossroads Mall. True story! I also learned the fine art of dry-ice bombs from those crazy fuckers. Coming from NYC, I will say the SLC Edge kids made me feel right at home. I really hope I didn't bum anyone out. I just know there's a few knuckleheads claiming "edge" that are actually notorious booze hounds. That isn't cool. Neither is the SLC police department focusing on that scene as a "gang". I invite the SLC police department to come out to North Hollywood and see what a gang is. Leave the fucking kids alone.
- 3. Allow me to endorse THE RED BENNIES and ENDLESS STRUGGLE (who Walter and I talked about at length). They are bands that feature musicians I had the pleasure of making music with over the years, and I really miss them. SLC and Utah in general is lucky to have these bands. L.A. doesn't have anything anywhere close.
- 4. The Dave Matthews jokes were uncalled for. I have recently been informed that Dave can drink near-

ly as much as Poison Idea did in their heyday. In addition, the guy gives away a ton of money to humanitarian causes. I suck. To make pennance, I am going to buy a case of Coors Light for the Dave Matthews Band, and then quit my band to be their roadie/whipping boy free of charge. Besides, I actually saw how BIG some of the dudes are in his band, and I can't run that fast.

- 5. Believe it or not, I miss SLUG and Salt Lake City. It's a good place to leave, but a better place to remember. I hope you all take care and DON'T LET ANY MORE EVIL FUCKERS BUY OUT THE MAGAZINE. The current administration is doing a pretty nifty job.
- 6. Walter, I'm gonna kick your ass. ZZ Top's "Tres Hombres" is the best record of their career. We're gonna square off down in Austin with shotguns, acid, and a case of Schmidt Value Pack....fucker. Hate X 9.

-Charlee Halfcocked

Ed Note: You are taking back the Dave Mathews' jokes? Did your record company pay you to do that?

E-mail Contact:

dover23@hotmail.com

Dear Dickheads,

just wanted to thank you guys for the excellent reading material. it really helps pass the time working as a lift operator up here in park city. i just sit on my ass up here at "town lift" and read your little articles over and over again, aways anxious for next months copy. i reall liked the propagandhi interview thing. oh and the whole dogtown article was great too. more punk! thanx-

- ben the lifty

ED NOTE: I'm glad We can help distract you from your boring and meaningless day job. It's nice to know Park City Resort is paying you to read SLUG!

Dear Dickheads,

I 'm Skints drummer & I'd like to apologize on behalf of Ogden for that dumb ass that wrote you about us last month. not all people in Ogden are illiterate and not all Skint fans are dipshits. We have never played in SLC. But i hope when we do we will recieve a warm welcome.

thank you,

-Skint

ED NOTE: Apology Accepted.

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JACK ASS of the Month



It is hard to describe what a complete ass-hole this guy is. But just picture the most annoying shithead, know it all, wanna be punk motherfucker. Now you have a pretty good idea of what I'm talking about. Everything he spewed out of his mouth was loud enough for everybody in the shop to hear; whether they wanted to or not. As he is looking through the shop he is rattling off all the so called "underground" bands that he is into. But of course we didn't have any of them. Then he says "They have the SUPERSUCKERS, they played at the Roxy (letting us all know he is not from here-PLEASE go back). And how they suck. At this point I'm in the mood to hear some Supersuckers, and I throw some on, and turn it up LOUD, trying to drown out the shit that is coming out Jack-Ass's mouth.In the meantime, Jeff and I are very busy helping paying customers. He asks us if there is another store that he can find all these records that we don't have. Then he comes up to the counter and asks if I will order some shit for him. I tell him NO. (We are happy to do special orders, but not for Jack-Asses) He walks away, then comes back up to the counter and asks for some other lame ass band, I tell him that we don't have it. He proceeds to say how lame that is and I have had enough and believe everybody else in the shop has had enough too, I TELL HIM TO GET THE FUCK OUT. Jack-Ass Of The Month leaves.

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MAN'S RUIN: INDIE LABEL SPOTLIGHT

for the commerce of the city," they agree.

"All the local drug dealers are doing real-

ly well." The lineup at this venue also fea-

tures the non-Man's Ruin band

Streetwalkin' Cheetahs.

by Brian Staker

In an era when even indie labels have a hard time staking out an individual identity, there are few imprints that really

stand out. One of them is San Francisco's Man's Ruin. But then the label has a leg up on the rest, because it was founded by Frank Kozik, who was already wellknown for years as a rock poster artist, and his unique visual sense and musical aesthetic, made the label visually as well as aurally like

nothing else

out there.



Kozik started Man's Ruin in 1995 because "no one was doing a lot of vinyl then. I wanted to put out a lot of bands that I thought were being overlooked. It started out as a hobby, just for fun." The first Man's Ruin releases included the Useless Playboys and a lot of the local San Francisco punk bands, "I always liked heavier, doomy kind of stuff," explains Kozik. And as time goes on, he says, "there's an increasingly heavier focus." This has included groups with an acid rock sound like Acid King, groups that already have some notoriety like the Melvins, and more punk outfits like th'Fuckemos.

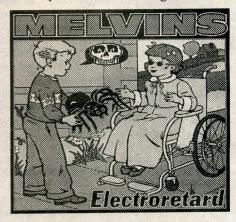
Chatting with bassist Brent and drummer Shaun of th'Fuckemos shortly before their SXSW performance at the Man's Ruin showcase, it's clear that since singer/trombonist Russell Porter isn't there, it's an opportunity for them to talk shit about him. "We've known Frank since when we were about six years old," explains Brent. "We got the name from Russell getting thrown out of Emo's on his ear. He loves to hate it." What about the music fest coming here in the middle of their local music scene?" SXSW is great

"The new CD rips," enthuses Shaun. "Although it's, sadly, been poorly distributed." "I like the new disco direction," adds Brent. "Russell steals all his lyrics from Billy Joel and Elton John," says Brent. "And the Bible," adds Shaun. Airshow 2000, released earlier this year, contains such lyrical profundities as "Something Stinky This Way Comes," "Amputeen" and "Honky In the Sky." The group's mid-tempo rhythm section accompanies the almost goth-like baritone vocals of Porter, who also occasionally throws in a trombone riff, when he's not flipping the instrument in the air and catching it like a hula hoop. Of their last year's unofficial SXSW performance at Red Eye Fly with other Austin punk bands like Solid Gold 40 and Voltage, they say every other year they do an unofficial show, then an official one like this one at Emo's. "We'd like to tour, says Brent. I've been saving up my vacation time at work. We just have to convince Russell."

The two of them didn't really have much to do with the locally produced indie film Rock Opera, in which Russell played a pill-

popping punk rock singer. "We just drove Russell to the shoots, fed him his lines, propped him up so he could act because he was so fucked up. We did our part." The film screened in Park City at the NoDance Film Festival this January.

As far as their own musical influences, they say, "Everyone from Carcass to the Cocteau Twins. Russell's biggest influence was Joan Baez." Then a girl walks

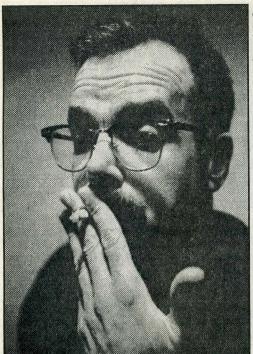


up, obviously enthused about their show. "I called in sick, I'm like, fuck everyone!" she exclaims. "That's Sheila, our biggest fan," explains Brent.

About his artwork, Kozik says, "Usually when I do artwork for an album cover, I try to fit with the vibe of the music. I try to make it make sense visually with what I feel the band is about."

As an example, for the new Melvins, Electroretard, Kozik says "I know their sense of humor, and their flavor for creepy cartoon stuff." The EP includes new songs, reworkings of old Melvins' songs like "Gluey Porch Treatment," and a cover of Pink Floyd's instrumental "Interstellar Overdrive." Upcoming Man's Ruin releases include another one from label faves Alabama Thunder Pussy., Polar Fleet, the debut from Operator Generator, who hails from "the Meth Central of Northern Cali," San Jose, an album of what Kozik calls "Viking Led Zep rock," and the Gotten, "a New York doom band." Operator Generator play after th'Fuckemos, and indeed, it's pretty epic stuff. Drunk Horse's Tanning Salon/Biblical Proportions is a blues boogie mini double concept album. Acid King lives up to their name on their split EP with the Mystick Crewe of Clearlight.

When asked how his artwork has



"What I listen to is mostly just our releases, and Black Sabbath

changed over the years, he jokes, "it's gotten shittier? I don't know; I don't analyze it. I'm influenced by old ads, propaganda flyers, and cartoons. Any weird, generic stuff from the past. It isn't really a style; it's whatever fits to convey the information. I only ask, does it work well with the context?" At the same time, his work is always playing with the emotional context of the work

as well as just the information. Propaganda posters are lam-

pooned with cartoon images of Easter bunnies in Nazi uniforms. The Melvins album, perhaps Kozik's most unsettling work, has cartoon, "cute" images of a little boy handing a big spider to a blind girl in a wheelchair, and the inner sleeve almost sickeningly sweet kids decapitating sheep. Disturbing, yet touching on the viewer's "cute" reflex, makes it almost more difficult to look at than some image that merely contained carnage.

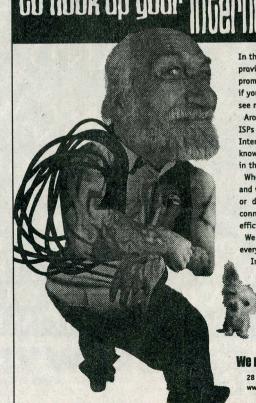
Kozik has become one of the most popular "pop" artists in the world as this "artist without a style's" work has become some of the most recognizable, and imitated, work around. His work has even featured in Time Magazine. "I'll see it and it's like, I did that," he explains. It's not weird, and not really great to have my/work recognized. I'm really too busy with a lot of projects to stop and think about it too much. I just do it don't want to wallow in it too much.

He says if he has a favorite release on the label, it was a 10" he put out years ago by Killdozer. "It was just really good music. I'm an enthusiast of a certain kind of music. It's all my favorite. What I listen to is mostly just our releases, and Black Sabbath."

He'd like to put out more vinyl, but it's difficult. "Last year was a tough year for Man's Ruin, and we can't afford to release any vinyl right now. Vinyl works well with tripper, heavier bands, when people are prone to give it a deep listen. Like an old Pink Floyd album. The experience of listening to a good LP on a stereo is incredible. It's meant for music that is more intricate. There's no reason for Korn or Slipknot to be on vinyl. But the more intricate music of the Melvins, and FuManchu, it's part of the whole trip of listening to the music."

The Melvins set sail for our salty shores May 9 at Liquid Joe's.





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FIST CITY BURAING Interview with Leer Baker of SIXER By Old'sCool aka Bryan Mehr

I've been meaning to tell you ungrateful hipsters about Sixer since I received the *Richmond Roulette* compilation which came out on Voo Doo Records (www.voodoorecords.net) last summer. I've been so busy hogging it all to myself that I just never got around to it. It fuckin' kills and I strongly advise you to hip yourself to the reality. Sixer is the band Social Distortion could've been if only

they'd hung on to a few shards of their punk past instead of opting to sell millions of records by becoming heart-break hillbillies. (Everybody keeps telling me that this is sacrilegious. I'll let y'all in on a little non-secret, I am sacrilegious!) They're loud and proud and they have a new record. Saving Grace, out now on TKO Records. They're bringing the fury to Utah on

Tuesday, April 17th at the Smithfield Youth Center in Logan. Yes, I said Logan! The singer, Leer Baker, took time out to talk with SLUG and let you all know what's burning in Fist City.

SLUG: I gotta say I think you guys do Social D better than Social D does.

Leer: Don't say that, man, that's sacrilegious. SLUG: Let's fill these folks in on who Sixer is. First the basics: Who, when, where, why?

Leer. Well, originally Chris Rupp, the lead guitar player, and I started the band. We've had various lineup changes throughout because we wanted to tour constantly and we could never find a rhythm section who could. So, we replaced those guys and now we have Casey Martin on bass, Dan Duggins on drums, Chris on lead guitar, and I sing and play guitar. Chris and I were in Ann Beretta for four years or so. Robby and I were the founding members of that band, and our personal relationship went sour. So, needless to say, I went my own way. Chris and I had been best friends since we were little kids so he decided to go along with me and we started doing this. We've been together for almost two years now.

SLUG: What up with Fist City (Richmond, Virginia)? Is it still home?

Leer. Yes, sir. We're gonna stay here because it's good n' cheap. And it is our fair city. It's a pretty poor city. It's kind of small too, you know, it's not nearly as big as Salt Lake. The actual downtown of Richmond is maybe fourteen square blocks, and that's about it. The only things to for money are carpentry and bartending. Also Phillip Morris is here, so a lot of people here work making cigarettes.

SLUG: The two Sixer songs "Fist City"&"Ground Zero" are some of my favorites because they're anthems for the working-class. When I have a shitty day at work I can listen to them and feel good about my shitty life.

Leer. Yeah, well that's where it's coming from. It's funny because nowadays it seems to be really fashionable to be poor and white trash, or whatever. But our backgrounds really are that. Like, my parents still live in a trailer, you know what I mean? It's not a joke to me. People think it's all funny when they wear their dirty jeans and act all like rednecks, or whatever, when they're coming from their little suburban lives with their moms dropping them off in a Mercedes.

SLUG: What do you think about the whole 'election' fiasco?

Leer: It's a fuckin' mess, man. But it's just like any other time, you know? Look at when Reagan was in office you had all these great bands like MDC and the Dead Kennedys screaming for change. I'm hoping that there's gonna be some kind of class war at some point.

SLUG: I think that it is inevitable if the powersthat-be continue loving with peo-



the election fiasco kind of brought the peoples' attention to the whole sordid mess and maybe we'll all start paying closer attention to what our so-called leaders are doing.

Leer. Hopefully. The thing is I'm not really a political guy, but at certain points the media kinda catches your attention with it. This election definitely caught mine, like what the hell is going on with this country?! People don't even know what they want, because there's nothing to attain. The American Dream is gone.

SLUG: It's more like a fuckin' nightmare! So, how big is this new record, Saving Grace, for you guys? Leer. It's a huge deal for us. I'm not sure how many people will buy it, but it is highly accessible due to the fact that it's being distro'd through Mordam. We're doing a U.S. tour starting April 6, to support it. Then we go to Europe for two months and then we're coming back to do the States again. So we're really trying to push this record. Before this record we did one national tour and a couple lower East Coast stints. But when you only have a \$5 EP, you die trying, you know? You're biting your fingernails because you lack nourishment!

SLUG: The production on this new one is a bit slicker than on the compilation. Is this due to a more substantial budget from TKO?

Leer: Well, our bassist is a recording engineer and I've spent a lot of time in the studio producing other bands. So, not to toot my own horn but I know what sounds good. And I know what I want to hear, so I'm not wasting a bunch of time. The budget was definitely a good one but we knew what we wanted as well.

(At this point I mentioned that I liked the versions on the comp better than the new ones, to which his response was absolutely <u>nothing</u>.)

SLUG: On the chorus to "Fist City" you say: 'Fist City will burn tonight with the match that you couldn't light.' What does that lyric mean?

Leer: I live in a really bad neighborhood called Church Hill. And some of the natives, I guess that's a nice way to put it, of the neighborhood like to burn stuff. They'll set trashcans on fire, and they just light shit all the time, but they don't ever do it in my yard. They don't light the match in my yard.

SLUG: Now for some fun. Eminem: White devil or pussy-ass wigga?

Leer: I kinda like him, man. Just because he doesn't give a shit and I gotta respect that. He's a white devil.

SLUG: Who'd you take in a fight between him and Everlast? They have an on-going beef that's getting rather heated and dirty. Everlast was recently quoted as saying that he'll take care of Em's wife and kid while he's in prison.

Leer. If it was one-on-one, toe-to-toe I'd have to say that Everlast would just kick his ass. I hope it happens, man. I'd like to see it on pay-per-view, or something. It needs to happen.

SLUG: Regarding the latest developments in the increasingly popular trend of kids shooting up their schools. What do you think about the way the media demonizes these kids, making them out to be monsters,

and failing to address the real issue of them being alienated and ridiculed by the status quo?

Leer. Uh, I think that kids like that...this is going to be long winded. Who isn't ridiculed when they're a kid? That's just the way it is. It starts with the stupid jokes like Michael-Michael-Bo-Bichael, ya know what I mean? That shit goes on everywhere, every day, every town. Now the media has painted this picture to where (the kids think) it's almost okay. They're being demonized, sure, but they're fucking shooting people! And they're shooting kids. Yeah, they're little kids and they don't know any better. But they still need to take responsibility for their actions. I believe in the electric chair, I believe in the Death Penalty...and that might blow you away. But I think that you are responsible for your own actions. If you take a life, an eye for an eye. If you grow up with siblings it's like that - you fuck with your older brother you're gonna get beat up. That's the way life is. I don't think that kids should be shooting each other in school. And then using these excuses that 'Well he was unpopular...' So what. Do like that movie Revenge of the Nerds, go and crash their party. You don't have to go and shoot 'em up. I don't know...this is really a hard thing for me to talk about. I've given it a lot of thought but I've never really discussed it with anyone, so it's hard for me to put words together. The teasing is all part of growing up. I think nowadays kids are growing up a lot faster. They are carrying guns at eleven. That's part of the media's influence too. People like Eminem, Kid Rock and DMX on MTV, they're telling kids that it's okay, that it's 'where it's at'. That's bullshit, man. You go to school to learn, don't go there to kill somebody. I don't know. I don't even know where to go with this. It bothers me personally. It needs to change. But I think it's the parent's responsibility to regulate that. It's not the government's or anybody elses. I got picked on as a kid for having a mohawk or whatever. And my dad is a gun collector. But, I didn't go to school and shoot anyone. I would either fight toe-to-toe and be done with it. Or, just deal with it. (Sixer can be found on the web at sixersixer.com)

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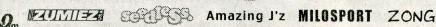


Premier











Recently, I was asked the question "What is that article supposed to be about?". I originally set out to write something informative about the music that I listen to as well as put it into a cultural perspective, since that is one of the elements that Utah's Hip-Hop movement lacks. In case you hadn't noticed, I am a little bit opinionated and I don't mind talking some shit, even if it's only to stimulate conversation. I don't really care if anyone agrees with me, but hopefully I've saved a few readers some time in wading though the bog of commercial and "underground" records. With any luck, there are people out there that have never heard of some of the records that I review, and they enjoy them as much as I do. If you are too stupid to form your own opinions by really listening to music, then this column is not for you. I love music, and when I can share my excitement about a record that's top-notch it makes me happy to think that someone out there feels it as much as I do. I don't understand the current trend of knowing about the latest, most obscure record that Siah put out in Germany and not wanting anyone else to know about it. All artists want their record heard. It's like that old rhetorical question "If a tree falls in the woods...." It's not like people who download these MP3's off some obscure Internet battle chat-room are trying to play the cuts in a club for everybody to hear. These days Hip-Hop isn't about dancing anyways, it's about posturing. It's like wearing a bulletproof vest for a show in St. George. Corny. Hip-Hop will never be what it was in the past, and that's a good thing For any musical movement to maintain momentum, it has to grow and encompass new formats. Sometimes the offspring have to be disowned and cut out of the will (Limp Bizkit) but for every setback there are equal innovations and breakthroughs. So basically, that is what this article is about. Celebrating the glory of good music whether it's bounce shit or type lyrical pyrotechnic, and clowning the weak shit. It either makes suckers quit or go back to the lab to tune it up and come again. Don't be a crybaby if our opinions differ, its O.K. to disagree just don't be a bitch about it.

In the past I've voiced my dislike for records by producers that feature mega-guest artists and spacey "Vibe music". I don't really care for Hip-Hop without lyrics no matter how much it's sped up. However, I do have a fond ness for instrumental LP's. One of the cool things about listening to a good record without the lyrics is that it always gets the flows circulating. Before I had a means of making my own music, we used to rhyme over the instrumentals and remix the a-capellas. It's definitely useful for a cipher in the base ment while you're waiting to go to the club and you can really hear all the details and layers a good producer will throw in. I got a hold of a record that came out last year called "Martini Breaks". I thought it might be another cheater breakbeat record, but it's actually all Sacred Hoop instrumentals. 1 haven't heard the lyrics that go with this one, but I like Sacred Hoop a whole lot. I have "Retired" on the same label that put this record out, Miasmatic Recordings, and it is lovely. Their beats are unique without deaviating from the form of straight ahead Hip-Hop. They use scratch choruses without sounding like Primo and they're from the Bay aarea and everything! The incising sarcasm and wit of the group are reflected in these instrumentals which are good enough to stand on their own without being either annoying or repetitive. No anthem-y songs here, just good old 2 to the 4 with a boom, crack. Nice usage of samples too, they aren't the primary melodic element to the song. It's like a little bit of flavor on top of a well produced track will always make it more interesting. The record gets a bit thick by the second side, but that's a hell of a lot more than I listen to most records. Check it out. Another reason to listen to the beats without the words is that sometimes the production vastly outshines the lyricism. Case in point ... the "Lootpack" instrumental LP. Madlib takes the craft of making beats very seriously. I understand the fact that he wants to come up with his own style of raps too and he has no doubt, I'm just not partial to it. When I first heard "Soundpieces: Da Antidote" (on Stone's Throw) I wasn't liking it too tough. I listen to rhymes first and then the track after that. I think that good production can be had a whole hell of a lot sooner than creative lyrics these days. Diamond-D and Premiere have already set the bar stupid high. This is not lost on Madlib. The instrumental record eclipses the one with words so much that I like almost every single cut.

This leads us to another project by the illustrious Madlib and good old Peanut Butter Wolf. This one drops all the pretense of a q-bert suit or a voice modulator and adopts a jazz façade. The name of the record is Yesterday's New Quintet and it is also on Stone's Throw records. The 12" of black plastic contains four songs and some lovely cover art. The songs are all fairly short, and I think this will work favorably as many heads are not interested in Jazz. There is some very nice music on the record. I'm not 100 percent sure that it's all sampled, but it is well put together and has more of a laid back sound than anything else I've ever heard. These tracks are well EQ'd and pleasant to listen to, but the time signature are a pretty straightforward 4/4. I guess for a Hip-Hop/Jazz blend I was looking for something that was a hair more adventurous. A full length LP of this kind of stuff would go over big with the college/coffee shop type cats. I'm going to have to listen to this one a few more times, but from first impressions I like it a lot for some cool out shit

One crew that has never been afraid to be themselves or to take some chances musically are the Oakland based Hobo Junction. I just picked up a

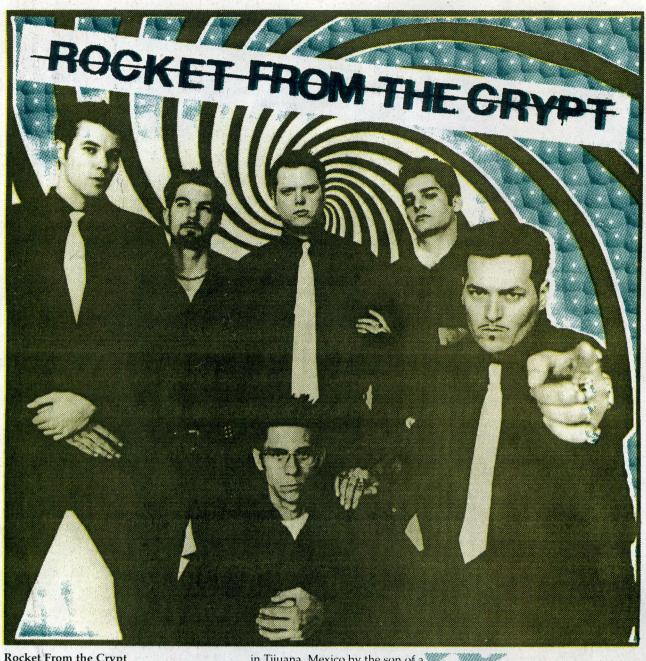
copy of "The Cleaners" (on Baraka records, available through E-Music) on vinyl and I'm loving it. If you are unfamiliar with these cats,

it's Saffir's crew. The crew consists of Poke Martian, Eyecue, Bignous, The D.A. and Saffir's sister Mahasin. This is an Oakland record to the bone. If you like Slumplordz or SunMoon Sekt, check these cats out, these are the originators of that humpin' slumpin' type style. I think I pretty much like every song on this record, which is pretty rare. The production may be a little home-made for some people's taste, but it's rough around the edges in a way that complements the lyrics and the over-all sound of the record. All of the MC's have diverse styles that are held together by a similar local dialect and aggressiveness. Mahasin sounds a lot like her brother, but she adds on to the style significantly to make it her own. I know for some this will be an acquired taste, but I hope for your sake you acquire it. The original release date of this record was 2000, but it's one of my sure-shot picks for 2001 if you

want music to ride to. Hot shit. Holographic.

Also hailing from planet California is the Self Scientific full length titled "The Self Science" on S.O.I. Music, Works. I first heard Chase Infinite in the summer of '97 and the single was "Return" that came out right around the same time as the Micranots "Farward" single. Both songs dealt with similar subject matter though the music was handled differently. The Micra cut has a typically menacing bass loop and is like a reverse prophecy. The Self Scientific cut had a super laid back acquistic guitar sound (played live) and an upbeat message to form a fairly positive sounding record. The only thing really similarity between that single (included on the full length) and the full length is the style of the production and the 5% rhetoric. This is some West Coast God music. To a certain extent I don't feel qualified to judge this album due to the fact that it's infused with a religious doctrine that isn't within my general sphere of experience. It kind of reminds me of The Chosen Ones or the first Brand Nubian in terms of utilizing music as a format to preach to the angry, disaffected youth that are left with little recourse. This is lean, serious rap, but it doesn't seem to reach it's full potential as far as being instructional with what to do with the anger once Allah has been embraced as the one true God. Like I said, I'm a little out of my depth here so let me just say this. This is a listenable record that reflects a select vision of the world that is a bit extreme for my taste. The production is clean and well put together but it suffers from the fact that most of the record sounds the same. It's almost like one long cut. The lyrics are articulate and functional, but Chase Infinite is a little too neutral in his delivery to really show his personality. 15 songs. Planet Asia and Krondon as well as a bunch of other Cali Loc's make guest appearances. This long player is much better than average fare.

Lastly, I'm going to quickly go through a couple of 12" I got recently. The 12" for "Double Homicide" on Major League Entertainment has the cool cover. It has O.J. with his foot up the "Homicide" word with a cheesy coked up smile and fucking cowboy boots! The song is average NYC fare with Royce the 5'9" and Das EFX and some other cats. Neither of the tracks are all that interesting, but both have a high production quality that the East Coast seems to have on lock. Next up is Bukue and DJ Sing with the 12" Cheese and Butter. To tell you the truth I liked the stuff Bukue did on the Workers Union record last year. L'really liked the way "Forthcoming" (The B side) starts with the little Sade loop, but when the rap started I was like a man with no hands. Not feeling it. The B side also has Cheese and Butter pt2 with Acey Alone and Abstract Rude. You can tell the difference between the professionals and the apprentice without much trouble at all. You are only as good a student as your teacher teaches you to be, though. I give it to cat for putting it out there. It's the only way to get better. I got the 12" for "Get Up" by the Cocoa Brovas produced by Hi Tek with "Let's Grow" by" Royce the 5'9" on the flip side. I like how polished Tek and Steel are. It's definitely some old NYC rah-rah, but it sounds good when they do it. The a-capella should be easy to remix, just because the rhyme can stand on its own. The track is pretty basic, but I like the minimal use of the hi-hat. This record is kind of how I feel about Rawkus in general: all the pieces are there and it seems like it should be better than it is. Lastly I picked up a copy of Sensational's 12" "Beats Rhymes and Styles" on Matador records. The B-side's called "Put it on Ya". This is a weird ass record, "Put in on Ya" is a completely off beat style, literally. It verges on being completely off time, which is different and I like it for that, but the song consists of 60% chorus and lyrics that have less content than the Beatnuts. The production is weird and annoying on this side, in a kind of David Lynch type of way. Sensational puts a lot of effort into being weird simply because he can. He announces that the beat is on some "...Bounce shit..." and I don't know if that's really true or not. New Yorkers think that anything with a snare not on the 2 or the 4 is "bounce shit". The A-Side is much more cohesive, but still in the same vein. It's not quite as abstract as some of the Antipop Consortium shit, but it's not enough material for me to hold my breath for the full length. The best thing about this record is that it has two a-capellas. The drawback is that they are all but unusable. More people need to make "quick mix" mixtapes around town for people like me who have a short attention span...



Rocket From the Crypt an interview with Petey X by Jeremy Cardenas

It's a pretty rare deal that SLUG will pay for me to do anything. Not that I care or anything, it's just rare. So, it must mean a hell of a lot to them to get this interview in, because I have a check from SLUG productions for, hold on to your hats, TWELVE DOLLARS! At 1500 words, twelve dollars works out to be .008 cents for every word ! write. Thank God. I was beginning to wonder if I had any worth at all. Just a year ago, I would have been thankful for .0016 cents per word. (I'm just kidding folks, you can leave the movie at any time.) Anyway, what has this to do with RFTC? I don't know, I'm just stalling to get to the mighty 1500. On with the music. Let's get a picture of the RFTC crew first, shall we? Founded in 1988

in Tijuana, Mexico by the son of a Portuguese fisherman, RFTC soon became "the best live band in the world" and was once touted as the most important band since The Stones. I asked one of my buddies (No, not Phil Jacobsen) what he thought of the band, and after he took a long puff on his hookal, he smiled and said. "They are a band whose protound stylistic and musical influence on today's pop culture is mescapable—they are the most important American band since CCR..." then he went to sleep. Impressive? Incredible? You bet. If your re buying any of this shit, let me know, I can go all night.

In February of 2000, RFTC was free of their obligations to so-called indie, label Interscope Records, and set out to find a new home. They landed a deal with Vagrant Records (see also; Face to Face, Gotohells, No Motiv, Alkaline Trio) and are

Where the hell is the part where he talks to the people? I'll get to that in a second, let me ramble here, I'm on a roll. I believe that millionaire record company owners are cashing in on cheap, stylistic impressions of what mainstream America considers youth rebellion,. Why is it that the bands grossing the highest paychecks in American Rock and Roll today are all in their 40's? Because youth (not all; I'm making a sweeping generalization here) fall victim to amazingly marketed mediocrity. God damn, I had better shut up. I am starting to sound like a radical. Here's my interview with Petey X, bassist of the internationally famous, Rocket From the Crypt:

now ready to burn it to the ground in support of the newest album, *Group Sounds*. They will be hitting Salt Lake City on April 25th at Club DV8. Supporting them will be

the

International Noise Conspiracy, and I don't have to tell you folks, that show will kick your greasy asses all the way back to Graceland. Okay, now, you're saying to yourself, "Wasn't this an interview?"

SLUG: So, do you like interviews?

Petey: They're okay.

SLUG: How many of these have you done so far?

Petey: I'd say about 100, or so.

SLUG: Jesus, I don't think I can possibly come up with a question that's not going to sound inane or stupid.

Petey: That's okay, I'm used to it. I forgot we even had an interview the first time, so...

SLUG: You did? Wow. I must make an impression.

Petey: Yep.

SLUG: How did you come up with the title for the new album? (*Group Sounds*)

Petey: You know, it just sounded like a band name. We wanted to portray ourselves as one cohesive unit, and it had that whole sound to it.

SLUG: Was there a centralized theme to this album?

Petey: No. We had so much material we wanted to record, because it's been such a long time since our last recording. I don't think we had a real theme going on in this one.

SLUG: Who produced this record?

Petey: The band did it.

SLUG: Where was it recorded?

Petey: Three different places: we recorded at a studio in LA, and we did part of it in our band room, some of it through boom boxes in our studio, and a third of it in Memphis.

SLUG: So that's true that you recorded part of this album on boom boxes? I thought you guys were making that up.

Petey: We've actually messed around with it before, but this time we had some time to do it right. It's kind of rough, because you've got to move the box around a lot to get the right sounds going, and get everything heard. It's kind of a fun way to record though.

SLUG: Pretty clever too. You guys are pretty clever.

Petey: It's fun to fuck around with things instead of doing them the same old way, you know?

SLUG: I know. Anyway, how long are you going to be touring the U.S. for this one? On a side note, you will be playing in Salt Lake City at Club DV8 on April 25th, 2001. The doors will open at about 8:00..

Petey: Do you work for the club or something?

SLUG: No. I just wanted to give you props, you know.

Petey: Excuse me?

SLUG: Nothing. I'm sorry, I get carried away sometimes..

Petey: Okay, to answer your question, we'll be out for about 5 weeks.

SLUG: You've passed through Salt Lake before, right?

Petey: Yeah, we haven't been there in a white, but we've gone a couple of times.

SLUG Anything memorable about SLC?

Petey: Yeah, the beer sucks.

SLUG It really does. Every band says that too..

Petey: It's pretty much universal knowledge.

SLUG: If we fixed the beer situation, maybe more bands would come here.

Petey: I don't know. Could be.

SLUG: So, you've done a hundred interviews. What's the most inane question you've been asked?

Petey: I don't know. They're all pretty inane. People try to get all wacky. They play the word association game where it's, "I'll say one word, and you say what comes to mind first." That kind of thing, you know.

It's hard coming up with questions, I know, but I guess people are trying to be creative.

SLUG: If I said, "Potato," What would be the first word that comes to mind?

Petey: Very funny.

SLUG: I know Wasn't your new drummer, (Ruby Mars) a pro-skater at one time?

Petey: Yeah. he used to skate for Alva.

SLUG: Cool, Anything else you'd like to say about your album, or anything. I think I'm gonna wrap this up. I can't ask a question for shit.

Petey: Yeah, I'd just like to say that I think this is the best thing we've done to date. It rounds up what Rocket From the Crypt has been about for 10 years. It's got a lot of the older album's sound, but with the addition of a lot of new structure. I think it,s a really kick ass album.

SLUG: Lagree, you motherfuckers are dope.

Petey: Thanks.

I'd just like you to know that I used my twelve dollars to buy booze, and that the baddest band in the land, Rocket From the Crypt is coming to your town on April 25th, at Club DV8. If you do one thing on that date, it had better be going to that show Also, check out their newest album on Vagrant Records titled. Group Sounds. That kind of reminds me of the Beach Boys' Pet Sounds, but what the fuck do I know?



The time has finally arrived. We were supposed to be seeing Covenant and Velvet Acid Christ

SLUG: With the success of United

States of Mind, can we still look forward to hearing some of the older

tour together this past fall/winter and it never happened. EBM veterans Covenan,t are now ready to launch a full-fledged US tour with fellow European natives And

One and will be in Salt Lake City April 21st at Area 51. Covenant key boardist Joakim Montelius went into detail with me about what exactly was entailed with the VAC tour fallout, tour plans, and all the talk of a new album.

SLUG: You were initially supposed to be doing the US tour with Velvet Acid Christ. Do you want to explain what happened with

JOAKIM: I don't know what really happened. Apparently there was some disagreement between VAC and our European label and Bryan decided in the last minute not to tour with any band related to

Dependent Records. That put us in a financially impossible position and we cancelled against our will. It was a big disappointment and it also ruined our schedule for the whole release campaign, but I guess that's just the way things are sometimes.

SLUG: Were there any other artists that were going to join the tour before And One? JOAKIM: No. We have the same booking agency in Europe and our tour manager called and asked us how we felt about going with And One. They're a major band in Germany and we like them as people as well as a band so it was an easy choice to make. I look forward to it a lot and I think this band setup is actually better than the original one, so maybe it was a good thing that VAC dropped out.

SLUG: Do you enjoy touring, or do you feel it's just something that you have to do to support your music?

JOAKIM: Touring is great! Maybe not the actual touring part, but the opportunity to meet our audience and being on stage, feeling human and real is a necessary contrast to the studio work. We love the atmosphere, and the extra dimension that is added to our music by the people actually listening to it is just a marvelous experience. Something happens that defies description, it feels like magic or transfiguration or like when you walk down your street in the spring one day and suddenly there are green leaves on the trees that weren't there the day before. It enhances the music and it makes us feel more complete as well. And these few hours on stage just wipe out all the hassle, homesickness, jetlag and bad food in an instant like it never happened. So yeah, we really like being on tour.

JOAKIM: Of course. We will play songs from all albums. Even if this tour is officially a promotional activity focused on our last album we still love to play older songs. And if we like something we'll keep doing it until it gets boring.

SLUG: Do you have another job, or are you a full time musician?

JOAKIM: Eskil and I are full time musicians. Clas likes his work too much to quit so he's doing this as a hobby.

SLUG: Are you at liberty to tell us what he does?

JOAKIM: Clas is a computer communications consultant and programmer. SLUG: Are there any groups out there that you have read or heard that Covenant had influenced that you were completely flattered by?

JOAKIM: Not really, but I'm proud of the fact that a lot of new bands like Flesh Field, Icon of Coil and Assemblage 23 are influenced by our work. It means that we have made an impression on people big enough to inspire them to try it themselves and that's the best compliment you can get as a band.

SLUG: Do you listen to or even like any of those groups?

JOAKIM: Yes, I like those bands. They try to keep changing this style of music and they do it in personal, individualistic ways. I think they can all go far and we wish them luck SLUG: Have you been working on any new material for another release?

JOAKIM: So far we've done some demos and tried out a few ideas but we won't get serious until after this tour when we go into the studio to start recording. We plan to have a new release out by the end of the year.

SLUG: What other styles of music do you see yourself writing besides what you're

JOAKIM: Covenant is meant to be the vehicle of our imagination and creativity, so it will probably change according to our taste and curiosity in the future too. The cool thing about that is that it's a challenge to take new influences and make them fit into the Covenant sound. That's better and more fulfilling than to try completely different styles just for the sake of it. But of course there are things that just don't fit into the band structure, like ambient or experimental jazz for example. So if we feel like trying those things we will start side projects. Eskil will soon release an album with a project called Aaron Sutcliffe together with Johan Malmgren from S.P.O.C.K making electronic versions of Elvis songs and I'm working on an ambient noise/minimal techno project under the name Tectonic Knights.



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There is something hilarious about people who find a little too much pride and identity in things as trivial as ethnicity and nationality. Even funnier are the red-blooded citizens of this genetic melting pot who zealously pride themselves on the minuscule amount of ethnic sap left in their family trees.

"See this tattoo dude? It's a Celtic flag, I'm part Irish", says the oliveskinned and haired Ricky Stink.

"A long time ago", I reply, "my descendants were apes, but I don't have Curious George tattooed on me."

"Fuck you. Let's go to

Murphy's."

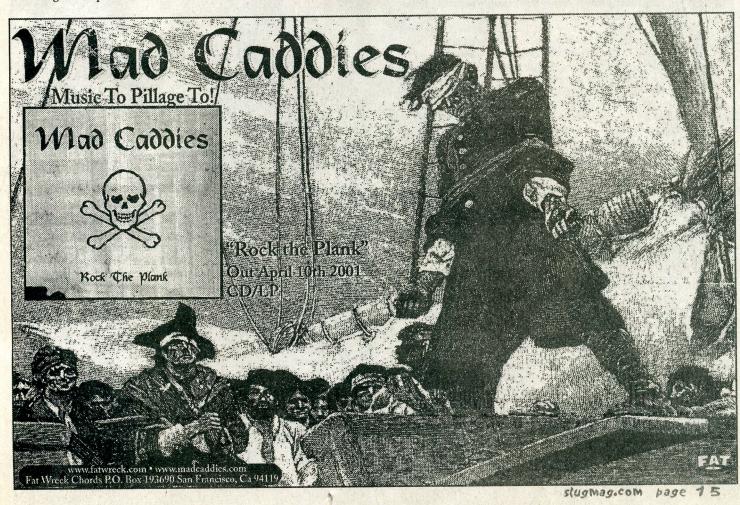
Making light of the IRA fiasco that terrorizes modern day Ireland, the car bomb is not a politically correct drink. But I'll tell you this much, car bombs will fuck you up. When you order one you get a 3/4 full pint of Murphy's Stout and a shot containing one ounce Bailey's Irish Cream and one ounce Jameson Irish Whiskey. A fucking cornucopia of



leprechaun booze. Now the trick to car bombs is you gotta pound them. When you drop the shot into the beer some kind of chemical reaction takes place. If you don't drink it fast, the Bailey's will curdle in your glass. Fear not little buddy, car bombs down smooth and tasty like candy-coated rat poison. Now they won't kill you, but three or four car bombs will turn anybody, black, white, or Polish, into a crazed Irishman. Ricky Stink drank seven of them and transformed into a fucking Celtic warrior. Speaking in cryptic tongues and brandishing weapons unseen since the dark ages,

Ricky ripped the sleeves off his Danzig t-shirt, baring tattoos that identified him as a member of the White Trash Clan. Like the guy on Braveheart that talks to Ricky God, was ready to do battle with everyone at the bar. After throwing empty pitchers at innocent bystanders and calling on a crew of paperboys, Sir Ricky Wallace of partial Irish descent was escorted to his iron steed by his fellow transplanted clansmen. So let's recap. Pride is a deadly sin, car bombs fuck you up, and if you drink too many of them the IRA puts a hit out on your







Did you find the Moog Cookbook irresistible? Neither did I but Opium Jukebox must have. Did anyone really need to make this album? What are the practical merits of reconstructing hit songs using sitars and drum loops? None, but that doesn't mean it doesn't make for an interesting listen. Martin Atkins (Pigface/Damage Manual) and friends dismantle everything from grunge to synthpop and the results are, well, interesting. It isn't quite as exciting as the Dance Raja Dance album but that's because it isn't unlistenable. Maybe the world needed ambient/dub versions of "Smells Like Teen Spirit" and "Head Like A Hole." "Ball of Confusion" actually sounds all clubbed up and ready to go (and perhaps out of place when you compare it to dreary plodding of the first half of the album) and any slaughtering of EMF's "Unbelievable" is always highly endorsed. Throw an Opium Jukebox party and play guess the song but make sure you have an active internet connection or a concord because apparently this goes well with all the finer products of Amsterdam.

Face it your mother will never like the Pixies and she'll hate this tribute even more. The idea, lock a bunch of Japanese musicians in a studio and eventually they will resort to recording Pixies' songs. I can't explain what Seafood, who are clearly not Japanese, are doing on this record. The problem with this album is that the inventiveness of the Pixies seems to have been lost in the distortion. The Penpals version of "Here Comes Your Man" is amusing, particularly the chorus, Feed's "Debaser" becomes rather inventive for its last minute or so, radio active's "Dead" is rather good until its final minute and Seafood's attack on "Levitate Me" isn't so bad. Actually most of the tracks have moments where their obvious passion and energy pay off but let's face it not many bands could have pulled off being the Pixies and though these bands would like to be, they aren't. Besides they didn't sing any songs about monkeys.

It must be hard being Johnny Indovina because after recording The World Inside there really wasn't anywhere left to go but down. Listening to Songs of Betrayal and Solemn Sun Setting just didn't have the same effect. What is surprising however is how well the newer tracks ("Remember Well". "Sad I Cry' "Loves' Way", "The Ways and Wounds" and "A Single White Rose") surround those songs from The World Inside ("This Tangled Web", "Fascination and Fear", "Fading Away", and "A Million Years"). Maybe I was wrong to think the newer material inferior. The only downside to this collection, hand picked by Johnny himself, is that "Death of an Angel" and "I Could Be a Killer" are the only songs pulled from Human Drama's early recordings with RCA keeping the demand for the debut album Feel and the ep that proceeded it at a premium ("Dying in a Moment of Splendor" is taken from the brilliant live recording Fourteen Thousand Three Hundred Eighty Four Days Later, and "Waiting Hour" (Once Again) is the ver-sion re-recorded for the self titled EP that was released via Projekt records). "Love Will Tear Us Apart," the only song pulled from Pinups, is an unexpected bonus as well. Everything a best of should be, minus a track or two.

There has apparently been a great deal of hype surrounding this record; I just hadn't heard any of it until now. Nina Hynes has collaborated with the likes of Hector Zazou, Harold Budd and Jeff Buckley. She has opened for Stereolab and David Gray. Her music has been compared to Massive Attack, Mazzy Star, and Bjork. A rather nice list of accomplishments really and well deserved. Creation isn't the most groundbreaking release, but it is a solid example of what 4ad should have sounded like twenty years ago. Watch for Nina Hynes, someday she could be huge. This six track released in America in November of 2000 is just something that has been kicking around in Europe since 1999, a new release is promised for mid-2001.

CHRIS CONNELLY & THE BELLS

Blonde Evolus | Invisible

Forget about Ministry/RevCo those days are behind him. Instead imagine The Doves' Lost Souls with David Bowie on vocals, or more simply think of Bowie's last release Hours... and add a touch of Nick Cave and Marc Almond and you'll grasp the basic sound of Blonde Exodus. Yet, that is selling Chris Connelly a bit short because it suggests that his work here is unnecessary. This is, thankfully, far from the case. What is most appealing is that I'm five listens in and I've yet to catch all the nuances, the subtle shadowing at the edges. I've yet to read the lyrics, I've been too immersed in just listening to the texture. Sometimes it rocks, mostly it strums and cascades, but it never disappoints. An early contender for album of the year. When was the last time you could say that about Ministry?

HARROR VANLE | INVESTIGE

Take a group of rivetheads and introduce them to Photek and three months later this is what you would have; a sparse drum'n'bass release with slightly distorted whispers for vocals and the occasional guitar track and analog blip thrown in for good measure. Needless to say it wasn't exactly what I expected, it was better, well at least for the first seven or so tracks before it all ran out of steam. Unfortunately somewhere along the line they forgot that sometimes drum n'bass can be boring and repetitive when it stops being inventive. Nonetheless "Forget You" is a great track mixing industrial distortion against the cold beats, with a few bizarre effects caught in-between the layers and "Jet Boy Machine" with its quirky echos of Sheep On Drugs pumped up on arrogance could easily replace "Fifteen Minutes of Fame" as a ridiculously undanceable club hit (although it is hard to say if they were really trying to be T-Rex, not Sigue Sigue Sputnik, and just went askew)

SEX GANG CHILDREN
KA ARCHUNS VOL. 1 HOLLOWS HILL

While cleaning out a closet Dave Sexgang Roberts came across the copy-master of the sessions recorded in 1983 with Tony James (GenX/Sigue Sigue Sputnik/Sisters of Mercy). The album, which was intended to follow up Song and Legend, was never released. The first ten tracks on this 2 cd collection are those recordings. The remainder of disc 1 is a live show Dave has titled Nude. None of this is all that interesting because the sound quality isn't exactly stellar (then again what should you expect from a post-punk band led by the male equivalent of Bjork?) and many of the songs were later re-recorded and released Andi's solo projects and a plethora of second-rate live recordings already exist. The second disc, entitled The Ultimate Collection, is a different story completely. Essentially another 'best of' collection (that makes at least 4 now doesn't it?) but the new mixes give a higher production quality than the previous releases. The instrumentation against the vocals seems less muddled and the guitar tracks are clear and defined without taking away from the trademark drums and bass. Apparently Andi isn't too pleased with the release, but ultimately I think the fans win out because of Dave's discovery. Then again maybe he just needs a paycheck.

Top Ten for April

Velvet Acid Christ - Dial8 (Bound & Gagged) Front Line Assembly - Machine Slave Hate Dept - Drew Covenant - Feedback Wumpscut - Body Parts System Der Dinge – Mindfire Converter - I Died Today Individual Totem - Present Island Biopsy - Leech Kalte Farben - Dry/Wet



Velvet Acid Christ Metropolis

Dial8

The first, and possibly the only, single from Velvet Acid Christ's latest album is most defiantly an ear pleaser. The only unfortunate thing is that there are only 3 mixes of the song, one of which is hardly different from the original. Din Fiv really grasped a different concept of the song, bringing out a lot of melody and background sounds, and leaving the aggression out. I realize I haven't said the kindest things about David Din and his own projects in the past, but he really is a brilliant man. The last remix, "Barely Alive", done by Disease Pactory himself, sounds like something out of the Fun With Knipes era. The synth sounds, the beats, the arrangement; a very good, more twisted rendition. I was overly impressed, but I don't know if it will be enough to suffice until the next VAC release.



Chemlab

Invisible Records

Suture

4/5

As most of you may know both of Chemlab's full length albums were reissued on Invisible Records about a year ago with bonus remixes and extensive liner notes on. I don't know why it took so long, but now the very out of print 10 Ton Pressure EP is reissued as Suture. Like the other two reissues, there are bonus track remixes, but these ones have been hiding for a while KMFDM remixes of "Electric Molecular" leftover from the tour that happened years ago, a few remixes from East Side Militia including "Jesus Christ Porno Star (licka-licious mix)" and an extended dance version of "Exile on Mainline", and a "lost suture" implemented as "Static Haze". The biggest downfall to this release is that the best song they've ever written, "Blunt Force Trauma", went untouched in the remix field... shame.

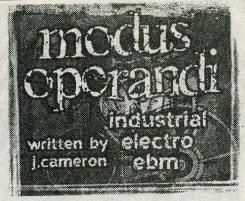


Pigface

Invisible Records

The Best of Pigface

Pigface has had 100 members (give or take a few) in its 10+ years in the music world, and what we have here is a compilation of "greatest hits". "In some ways, the idea of a Best of Pigface is absurd. Placing the band into a termulaic rock and rock pigeon-hole or something." That quote is straight from the horse's mouth, Martin Atkins, though I can't say that I disagree. Anyhow, it's here and it's good. I've never been too much of a Pigface fan, but they definitely have their share of good material and if you're opinion



is anything like mine then this double disc "best of" is ideal. Disc one bestow an onslaught of their very best such as "Asphole", "Suck", "Hips, Tits, Lips, Power!", and about 8 or 9 more. Disc two is full of previously unreleased material, and starts with an interview with Martin Atkins that had me laughing my arse off. Another interview, one with Ogre, resides about half way through the disc, and is quite humorous as well. Something about babies and Mexico. In all seriousness, Pigface has not warmed my heart for... I don't think ever, but with this much material compiled together it truly exhibits the aptitude and ability that is really there. So I guess what I'm trying to say is that between all the fucking around and debauchery, there really is good music in there somewhere.



Godhead

Priority Records

2000 Years of Human Error

Godhead gets an 'E' for effort. They're not exploring any new ground or any previously unsought territory. They're just there, making "okay" music. John X Volaitis did the mixing for this record which really explains the resemblance to Orgy's sound since he's mixed them as well, and Danny Saber did the job of producer noted for producing Madonna, U2, and Rolling Stones. Is my dry-heaving audible through the text? Too bad, that would really give you a good idea of what I'm trying to put across. As I read on through Godhead's bio I couldn't help but stumble across quotes from Rolling Stone Magazine stating, "The cycle of Gothindustrial life continues: As Trent Reznor discovered Marilyn Manson, so Man son now midwifes Godhead...", which really confirms that those fuckers have no idea what in the hell they're talking about. Is Manson either goth OR industrial? Is Godhead goth OR industrial? Godhead is actually pushing the boundaries of industrial with their material, or a better term used commonly by Jared Louche to describe it would be "machine rock". I think these guys really are rivetheads at heart, but want the fame and the chicks to go along with it.

Nine Inch Nails

Nothing Records

Things Fall Apart

The argument can go on forever. Is Nine Inch Nails industrial? I've. seen more fights break out in the streets over this than I have over Jesus talk or politics. I'll choose to side step this one and just let everyone know that this EP is the most industrial Nine Inch Nails has ever sounded. With remixes from Dave Ogilvie, Adrian Sherwood, Keith Hillebrandt (who was contracted by Trent Reznor to make 1 gig of original sounds and noise for The Fragile) and more, Nine Inch Nails' "pop" sound has pretty much been obliterated. Most of the guitar tracks were taken out, and a very less mainstream sound has been incorporated. May remixes of "The Wretched", "Starfuckers, Inc." (3 starfucking times), "The Frail", and a cover of Gary Numan's "Metal" inveigle you to many listening hours of this fine disc



It's often said that freedom of the press is fine, as long as you happen to own a press. You or I might not have the resources of a mighty organ of communication like SLUG, but there are some people who don't even have our meager resources of a crappy home computer or job at Kinko's or some way to copy stuff. This month in Zineland we look at some people who have gone up against great odds to put out a zine because the DIY urge was so great. In Struggle was a zine completely written by inmates at the Utah State Prison. Only one issue was produced, in April 1998. You can look at a copy at the City Library's alternative press collection. Amazingly, the zine wasn't censored at all; there are no words blacked out. Would they be able to do that now, or put out a zine at all expressing views that aren't necessarily conventional or accepted within the institution in which they are housed? SLUG wordslinger Brian Mehr was their resource on the outside that helped them make it a reality.

"Initially I was just going to print the paper; they were just going to send me stuff, and I was going to print it up for them," he says. "And I ended up doing everything. I ended up having to edit because they sent me too much stuff for one issue. So I ended up editing it and laying out the whole thing. I printed it myself at my shop. They ended up only having to pay for the cost of paper; we got the cost of the plates and everything else for free. And I did it on my own time. Then I ended up distributing it and everything else. So I ended up basically doing everything. But I was glad to do it because I wanted to help those guys out, and I felt like it was something that needed to be done."

Copies were placed at Knuckleheads, Heavy Metal Shop, Salt City, and also, Mehr says, "We sent a bunch out to a lot of bands that had sent free shit to them, sent free CDs and crap, cause there were some interviews in there with some bands." Only 500 copies of the one issue was printed. "I had enough stuff leftover to do another issue, and there were plans to put out another issue, but me and Mike Cline had a falling out." Cline was the one inside who had had the idea for the zine, and gotten the other inmates to submit stuff.

"I thought it was pretty funny that the issue came out in April," he adds, "because people would take it as an April Fool's joke or something. It was all for real, it was fucking straight-up. I don't know if the authorities ever saw it, how they would have felt

about it. I sent a few issues back inside, which was cool."

He thinks the zine really had a positive impact on their lives. "All we were trying to do was give the inmates something positive to be doing, to get some hope and maybe develop some talents and skills, to give them something positive to do, because inside there, despair is king. It's hard for those guys to keep focussed,

that's how those guys end up institutionalized cause those guys are in there so long that they get pretty hopeless, you know what I mean? That's how they end up back in there repeatedly and they end up where they can't even live on the outside, because they're so used to living in there. Plus once you get caught in the system, you get a dirty urine, you're fucked. So the main goal was to give them something positive to work on."

What kind of difficulties did he face in producing In Struggle? "I don't think the authorities even realized it was going on. Mike was sending me all kinds of stuff and most of it was cameraready. And originally they were working in the print shop and they were going to print it in there, but then Mike lost his job at the print shop and ended up doing something else. So we didn't really encounter any difficulties, except just finding the time. Other than that, I was happy to do it."

Some of the best things about it, Mehr thinks, were just the musings of the contributors. "Personally, I liked the individual writings just describing the life inside there. I especially liked the Knuckleheads, I think it was called. and Clyde's stuff. And also the computer-generated art. But I just liked the more personal stuff, opposed someone writing stuff about their favorite bands and shit like Interviews with bands included UK Subs. They just did it through the mail, writing out the questions and they would write back. Mehr says, "A lot of these bands were really cool, sending them free shit, and there were a lot of rules to sending stuff to the prison. Now I don't think you can send anything into a prison. Sending CDs and stuff, you have to send them through the record store, through a third party. The inmates would send a little money so we could keep doing it."

"I'd like to see it happen again," says Mehr, "but I don't know if that's on anyone's mind right now. I think Mike is back in right now, though he was out for a while last year. I was hoping he'd be able to stay out this time. He mentions it in "In Struggle," so I guess it's OK to talk about it; he was in there for robbing a convenience store with a meat cleaver cause he was

strung out on heroin. Basically his crime was he was addicted to drugs."

They ran ads for people who sent them stuff, for free, as an exchange. The zine didn't make any money. Mehr explains, "the zine was paid for by Mike Cline with money he made working in the prison. And he has to use that money for other things that he needs inside the prison, so it wasn't easy for him to do that. I provided what I could, but I wasn't able to give any financial help, but I did give free what I could. They only got charged for the paper and whatnot, I didn't charge them for my time, or for the printing. So in all total, it was a community effort.

As far as Mehr knows, he's never heard of any other prison zines. "Groups like Families Against Mandatory Minimums and other groups do newsletters, but I don't believe that they have prisoner contributions. It's definitely the only one to ever happen in Utah." Did the zine try to do any prisoner advocacy? "No, but there are a lot of articles about the system and how screwed up it is, how people end up in there, and how they end up in there permanently. It isn't advocacy per se, but they're definitely concerned with the issues, and they definitely believe in prison reform. All that shit needs to occur, because most of these guys are in there because they're addicted to drugs, not because they are criminals, you know what I mean? And that's an unfortunate thing, and what they need is help, not to be locked up."

"It's like Mike says, "I know what I did wasn't proper. It's not like I said I never did anything wrong. I know robbing a store with a meat cleaver is not proper." But he was out of his mind, you know. It's not an excuse: he committed a crime, and he's doing his time, but it's hard for him, he's been in and out of there, and I've got another friend who's been in and out of there for almost fifteen fuckin' years now, and they can't get out of the system. And my other friend, I don't think can even live outside now, because he goes back because that's where all his friends are."

"They should get treatment, but it isn't really happening. Because I believe the prison industry has become a money-making industry, and they need to have people in there. The War On Drugs is part of the problem because it's made the citizenry the enemy of the police. That's the police mentality; they believe

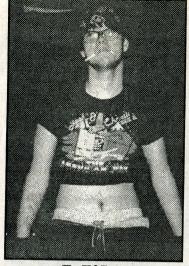
fighting a war. They're soldiers in the War On Drugs, so that makes all of us potential suspects. That's they way they behave. As I said, I don't believe that's their real reason; their real reason is to round people up so they can get them in there, in the system, and get them working for free. And then get their money from the government (subsidies). "

Well, if you've been reading this column for a while, has it stimulated your own urge to try your hand on a zine? You're always welcome to send your zine for review; in fact we can't wait to read it, and everything we receive will get at least a brief review. But maybe you've never done a zine before, and want to try your hand at it. If so, here's your opportunity. SLUG's Zineland is going to try something new and put out our own zine, comprised completely of contributions from readers. What better way to become part of the SLUG media empire, and express your own twisted views? The only guideline is no pornography, as there are plenty of other places to get that. Besides that, writing about any subject matter, in any format-on disc, email, even scribbled on notepad paper! Poems, personal essays, reviews, anything! We don't have a specific theme; we just want to open it up for submissions and see what happens. Visual art as well, like collages, photographs, and drawings. The only constraint is that it has to fit on 8x11 format. We reserve the right to edit materials for space restrictions. The zine, which you can also help think of a name for, will accompany the first issue of SLUG next year, in January 2002! Deadline is November 30, 2001. Enclose SASE if you need your material returned.

As always, send your zines to: SLUG MAG ATTN:Zineland 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC, UT 84106.







Mike Brown's Self Help Column Mormon Masturbator seeks advice:

This month's letter has to do with a topic of which I am well informed. Masturbation. I think I was 12 when I discovered this ultimate form of self-expression. And I have been mastering this medium ever since. I consider myself an above average masturbator. So I feel fortunate to have received this e-mail. Here it is, typos and all:

MAN I'M FUCKED!!!!, HERES MY PROBLEM. **EVERY** NIGHT WHEN I GO TO SLEEP I HEAR A ORGASM FOR ATLEAST AND HOUR, THIS GOES ON IN M HEAD. I DON'T KNOW WHY ITS HAPPENED FOR ABOUT 3 MONTHS OFF AND ON. DON'T GET ME WRONG I LIKE FUCKING AND I LIKE ORGASMS A LOT. BUT THIS IS JUST FUCKING ALIEN, HERES THE FUCKED UP PART. IT TURNS ME ON AND I MASTURBATE TO IT,

EVEN WHEN IM AT GIRLS CAMP AND HAVING SLEEP OVERS WITH MY FRIENDS. I FIGURED MOST PEOPLE, LIKE SHRINKS WOULDN'T BELIVE MY CRAZY STORY SO WHEN I READ YOUR HELP COLUMN IN SLUG IT GAVE ME HOPE THAT MAYBE SOME OTHER UP PUNKROCK FUCKED WHITE TRASH DUDE COULD HELP ME AND MAYBE GIVE ME SUGGES-TIONS ON WHAT THE FUCK I CAN DO TO STOP. IS THIS NORMAL?

PS. I SAW YOU GUYS (FUCK-TARDS) PLAY AT A HOUSE PARTY..BUT I HAD TO LEAVE CUZ MY FRIEND WAS PUKIN..;)

The best part about this letter is that I did not make it up and this girl spells worse than me, big ego boost. But as to initially addressing a specific problem I was a little confused. Was the problem hearing the orgasm, wondering if this is normal, wanting to stop, or the fact that she still goes to girls camp? I needed more information on the matter so I responded via e-mail requesting a bit more information. Such as name, boyfriend status, and if she's legal or not. I also have some free time on my hands this summer and requested the location of this girl's camp. I've seen some pretty good pornos that start out with chicks camping. Here's how she responded:

IM 22 YEARS OLD AND MY NAME IS (name has been changed to protect the not-soinnocent). WHEN I MASTUR-BATED AT A MORMON GIRLS CAMP IT WAS AT THE SPRUCES WITH A BUNCH STUPID MORMON BITCHES, BUT IT WAS IN THE TENT WITH A GIRL WHO ASKED ME TO MAKE OUT WITH HER. ANYWAYS I COULDN'T EVEN HOLD BACK MY DESIRE TO RUB MYSELF AT THIS CAMP AND I GOT ALL WET IN MY SLEEPING BAG AND MADE A MESS.

THE PARTY WAS WHEN YOU HIT SOME GIRL OR SOME-THING. I DON'T REALLY KNOW I WAS ON SPECIAL K. AND ALCOHOL. AND MY FRIEND STACY THREW UP GREEN SHIT AND WE WENT AND PASSED OUT UNDER-NEATH A VIODUCT. IVE BEEN USING LOTS OF DRUGS TO AVOID THIS ORGASM NOISE IT SEEMS TO HELP. AND THE GIRLS CAMP **INCEDENTWAS** WHEN I WAS 18 YEARS OLD. SO THIS HAS BEEN GOING OFF AND ON FOR A WHILE NOW. THANKS BOY.

XOXOXOXO _____ THE DIRTY SLUT PUNK EWWWWWW.

Dear dirty slut punk,

I have some good news and I have some bad news. The good news is that I know a whole lot about masturbation. The bad news is that I know very little about stopping. You don't have to build rockets to know that by the tone of your letter that you have lots of problems. I mean, you sleep under viaducts and do raver drugs (un cha, un cha, un cha, un cha, un cha un cha, din da din da din da da din din). For the most part I'm just glad that out of all your problems in your life you could have had me answer you are letting me answer the one about petting pink carpets. For most people who frequently give the elegant five star treatment to themselves, getting off isn't really a problem. It's just a part of life. But masturbating in a tent with the bishop's daughter is a problem, (unless you are a boy or if someone is filming.)

The real problem here doesn't seem to be the actual act of your masturbation. I mean, you admit that you like it. I think the problem is hearing these voices. When I worked at the State Mental Hospital there were lots of people there who would regularly hear voices and sleep under viaducts. But they wouldn't all masturbate, at least not due to voices. How sure can you be that the voices that you hear are orgasmic? orgasmic sounds can come in many different audibilities. For

instance, when I get hit with a bat or fall off my skateboard the sounds I make are almost exactly the same sounds I make when I have an orgasm: "OHHUH MANNN!!!!" And I have a friend who's girlfriend's cat runs and hides every time they have sex. Why? Because the cat thinks that her owner is getting killed or something.

What I'm getting at is that you need to associate the orgasms you hear in your head with something else. A good example of this is that I know a girl who cannot read pornography without getting physically sick to her stomach. My first inclination was that it was so repulsive to her that she would want to puke. I was way off. Her first experience with skin mags was in a car during some long ass road trip. It turns out that she is one of those people who are unable to read in a moving vehicle, it just makes her sick.

I suggest that you associate these orgasms with something else besides cucumbers and index fingers. Perhaps something that you are already familiar with, hard drugs. Every time you hear the moans of pleasure in your head, take another horse tranquilizer, I mean, Special K. If this doesn't work let me know and I'll send you a looped tape recording of me having an orgasm. If that sound won't turn a girl off then I don't know what will.

Another good technique is to put a rubber band around your wrist and every time you want to masturbate snap the rubber band against your skin. You can even take this technique a step further and tape a stun gun to your belt buckle. They actually do the rubber band thing to serial rapists who are in recovery. And to answer the second part of your question, Audible hallucinations are very normal....if you are a schizophrenic. Schizophrenia usually manifests itself in your early twenties. Good Luck and thanks for

Please send your fucked up problems and pictures of your sister to <u>mrbrown101@hotmail.com</u> or to SLUG Attn: Mike Brown

the letter.





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Poster Art by FRANK

No Money, No Honey: The Artist Resource Center May be Your Ticket

By Venus Martinez

Photos: AHB

So, you're a musician. And you're good. And you've got big ideas and big vision and everything big that it takes to be a rock

star. Except big plans and a clue. Beyond renting a storage unit in which to practice, a necessary move ever since the lame ass neighbors next door complained to the landlord that you and your guitar were ruining their television moments with Regis Philbin, you haven't an inkling as to what to do next. How are you going to fulfill your meant-to-be, idol-inspired, lifelong dreams? How are you going to make a living playing music, subsisting on more seventy-

Top Ramen, and

MGD (oh, right, you'd drink that even if you weren't broke, 'cause it tastes good).

In downtown SLC, in a small office on the south end of the Rio Grande Depot building, there is a place where a struggling artist can get some answers. The sole purpose of the Artist Resource Center (ARC) is to encourage and boost the professional development of local artists and, as of recently, the center turned an eye toward the performing arts. This means local bands and, hence, this means you.

Aimee Le Duc, assistant visual arts coordinator for the Utah Arts Council, essentially runs the ARC and emphasizes that it was created as a resource to give artists the knowledge and power to make money and succeed by doing what they love "instead of being waiters by day and then

artists at night," she says. The ARC is a library and media center of sorts-they have dozens of magazines for a variety of



Aimee Le Duc, nine-cent tacos, assistant visual arts coordinator for the Utah Arts Council

media-but it's also a source for advice, a connection to other artists and musicians, a bulletin board of opportunities, and place to get hooked up with Internet access and free copies. In other words, if you are looking for band members, shows, or just needing to duplicate flyers to tack up all over town, this is the place. At least, it has the potential to be.

The ARC was started in the early '90s by the visual arts program under the Utah Arts Council in a hot, cramped, closet-size space. Its original intentions were to help visual artists, but over the years, the administrators saw a need to jump-start the careers of other local talents as well, especially writers. Today, the center runs on an annual budget of seven thousand dollars, most of which goes to produce Art Ops, a quarterly newsletter, and to

organize and provide educational workshops for artists, which cover everything from copyright infringement to tax tips to how to get work into a gallery.

Darl Thomas, a local sculptor who has been utilizing the center's services for years, says that although the needs of visual artists and musicians are very different, he sees the ARC as beneficial for anyone trying to succeed in a creative medium. "Things (musician's needs) are so far apart from those of an artist," he says, "but I think it's (the ARC approach) as equally focused as anything they do for artists. Art Ops is a terrific resource for more than just visual artists."

Though Thomas is a successful artist-he's done many public private commissioned works-he still sees the ARC as a great pit stop on a continuous career migration and has direct-

ly benefited from its services. In fact, through information at the found ARC, **Thomas** was the recipient of "a grant or two."

Now is the perfect time for

musicians, and anyone interested in the local music scene, to make your interests and needs known. "We're still in our infancy," says Le Duc, and though the center is ready to rock and roll, they "don't get a lot of musicians coming in." What they are currently seeking, she says, is feedback from musicians, so that the center can determine where the needs lie and what actions are going to be most beneficial. Do you need to know how to approach club owners? How to cut an album? How to distrib-

ute? How to keep records? And, the last thing anyone wants to deal with-how to file taxes?

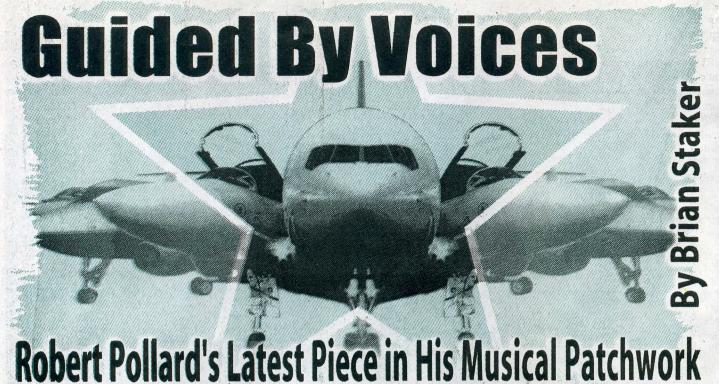
Le Duc herself has found a new passion in life-and a new career interest-since becoming an employee of the ARC. As a student of philosophy, she found herself intrigued by art and art criticism, so she admits that working at the center had more to do with her future than getting a paycheck. "I had some selfish reasons," she says. "I started to become interested in it because of the interaction with artists...and I really like all of these magazines. This job has made me love art writing." Le Duc loves it so much, she will soon be leaving for graduate school at the California College of Arts and Crafts, where she will be studying art criticism. Laura Durham, a graduate of art history, will be filling her shoes.

But regardless of who is at the

helm of t h e ARC, local musicians seem to finally have a bona fide Utah

government-supported program. Besides making a difference at the ground level, there is one other fantastic bennie: It's free. What have you got to lose? Located in the Rio Grande Depot,320 South 455 West Open 9-5 M-F. 801-533-3582





Robert Pollard, the singer and musical mastermind behind Guided By Voices, is one of the most prolific songwriters on the planet, with the group's second major label release, Isolation Drills, due out on TVT on April 3. In addition to that, he's been releasing quirky solo projects on his own Rockathon label, including the massive 4-disc Suitcase, comprised of songs kept in a suitcase in his basement spanning the last 20+years, only seeing the light of day now. How to describe his music? Well, definitely British-influenced, down to the accent this 43-year old former schoolteacher from Dayton, Ohio affects when singing, to the jangling guitar chords that range from sweet pop melodies to stirring rock anthems. His passion for classic era rock has filtered into his own songs that often sound like groups of yesteryear, only with better hooks. And his lyrics make him perhaps the last great rock'n'roll poet. Trying to interview Robert Pollard is like chasing mercury around the floor; his mind moves so fast it's hard to keep up.

SLUG: How long did it take to write songs on new album, and discuss the way you write songs.

RP: I do things differently at different times. For *Do the Collapse*, I had 50-100 titles in a notebook and went down and wrote a song for each title in one day, like skeletons of songs. Then I went back and started working on my favorite ones, adding lyrics and so on. For this one, I wrote the lyrics first. They started as poetry. Basically at the end of our last tour, I bought a new car and took it on tour, and drove it all the way back from

the West Coast to the East Coast. I wrote all these lyrics because I was feeling all introspective and kind of personal about what was going on in my life at the time, so I wrote all these poems. Then when I got back I just put music to them, and they became the record.

SLUG: How was the new album different from Do the Collapse, in terms of working with a different producer?

RP: Well, and I did this consciously, I wanted to make it a bigger, thicker rock record. Less quirky, more serious. So it has a darker tone. I think the performances were more laid back because, and I don't know any other way to put this—we were allowed to drink in the studio this time. Whereas on Do the Collapse we weren't. We're an alcohol band. Some bands are marijuana bands; some bands are acid bands. We're an alcohol band, we should be able to drink in the studio, and we were on this record. We drank with the producer; we drank with the engineer. It was more fun, and more laid back, and I think the performances were better because of it.

SLUG: How do you feel about being with a major label by now with two records out; are they treating you pretty well?

RP: It's got its good and bad points. We are with a major label because we made a decision two or three years ago that it's time for us to get a push beyond this wall that we had hit in terms of record sales. We'd sell 50,000 records and that's it, you know. And, uh, we said what can we do about it. And we made a decision that we need to go with

a major label and see what they can do because they have more resources for radio and publicity and all that sort of thing. So we made a decision. But, again you know, when you go with a bigger label, and people are supporting you and doing things for you, they're going to want to have a hand in it. With Matador it was nice because we could give them exactly the record we wanted to, and they said fine, they just wanted us to be happy with the record. Whereas now, TVT has a hand in what we do. I have complete creative control, but they also have the option to not put the record out too. They expect a bigger, professional record, and that's fine, because I want to make a bigger, professional record myself. I think that's where Guided By Voices is at now. I can do all my creative, experimental things on the side on my own label, and TVT allowed me to do that, so it's a good deal.

SLUG: I know you do a lot of the GBV album covers. Did you have anything to do with the album cover design for the new one?

RP: Because of what I just said, that we're expected to do things a little bit more professionally now, TVT really doesn't want to use my collages any more. The last two records were done by a guy named Ben in the art department. I like them; I think they're both good covers but I actually submitted a collage for *Isolation Drills*. They said they didn't want to do the collage, but we'll have someone paint it. So we were gonna do that, and then Ben showed me this thing he did with the airplanes. The CD is really cool because it folds out like six or seven times. I said, "I

like this one better. Don't use my artwork, use this one." So it's not my artwork, but it's approved by me.

SLUG: And then the *Suitcase*, obviously you held back on it and didn't want it heard by the public for a long while. How do you feel about it now that it's out?

RP: It's doing well, people like it and it's making me a bunch of money, so I'm happy with it.

SLUG: Do you have so favorite stuff off it that you're really happy is out there now?

RP: Yeah, well looking at the Suitcase now, there are some songs I'm just questioning myself why they didn't go on an earlier record. But I'd say about two-thirds of it doesn't deserve to be on a record. But I like the song "Bunco Men." I like the piano duet I did with Toby (Sprout-ex-GBV guitarist) for "Wandering Boy Poet." I like all the Amazing Ben Zing stuff. See, what I like about the Suitcase is that each song has a different band name; I think that makes it more interesting. And "James Riot." There's a bunch of stuff that we did demos for Do the Collapse

that's on *Suitcase* that I like. "James Riot" and "Shrine to the Dynamic Years."

SLUG: And "Rocking Now."

RP: "Rocking Now," exactly, a demo for Do the Collapse. But I like Suitcase because it shows the entire spectrum of what we've done, fidelity-wise. From the lowest-fi to the highest-fi. The best song on Suitcase isn't on Suitcase, though. It's only on the abridged version (released on vinyl). It's a song called "Sensational Gravity Boy." I didn't even find it until after Suitcase was finished. But I was still able to put it on the LP version. We added a song to it because we found it after Suitcase was finished, right before we pressed the vinyl. I kinda feel bad that it's not on the Suitcase. That's just a ploy for people to have to buy the LP now. (laughs)

SLUG: How's the lineup working with the new drummer?

RP: It's going great. We played a show in Louisville a few days ago, it was our last show of the tour. Jim McPherson (their old drummer) happened to be there and he played a few songs. It was great. But you know, I love Jim. He made a decision to go

back with his family and I have to respect that. Our new drummer, John McCann, is working out great. They're both great drummers. It was nice to skip through the audition process, and had another drummer immediately lined up.

SLUG: Are there any other Fading Captain releases planned?

RP: Oh yeah, a bunch of them. First of all, I did an album with Toby. We call ourselves Airport Five. He records instrumentals, sends them to me, and I sing my lyrics over them. That turned out really well, and that'll



be out in August. And there's gonna be two singles, both two unreleased B-sides, that'll be out in May and June, from that Airport Five record. And then I finished a solo record with Greg Demos (former GBV bassist) and Jim McPherson, and we're called "Robert Pollard and His Soft Rock Renegades," and that'll be out July 4. There'll be a release every month. And there's also, I think within this month, there'll be, you know the Hold On Hope EP? Well we released it on vinyl under a different title, as Daredevil Stamp Collector. We didn't include "Hold On Hope," though; we included like a boombox version of it. So that's coming out. So there's a bunch of releases. And I'm also in the process of working with Mac MacConaugh (of Superchunk). I'm gonna do a record with him on the Fading Captain Series. So I'm staying very busy on that label.

SLUG: And you have the track on the Colonel Jeffrey Pumpernickel album too. (see CD reviews)

RP: Mm hmm. We've been coming out with that song, and it's just kicking ass live. It's like, in the tradition of the last two Guided By Voices albums, where the first song on each album has been an old song, that's kind of obscure, like "Fair Touching," and "Teenage FBI," we're gonna put that song on our next album. Cause I think that's gonna be the direction of the next album too. Just more rock, not quite as serious, but more rock, harder rock, much less personal record, not quite as dark. A little brighter, maybe a little sillier again, but still harder rock though. And more proggy, probably. You know, a lot of changes in songs, a little more prog rock like. Without the keyboards.

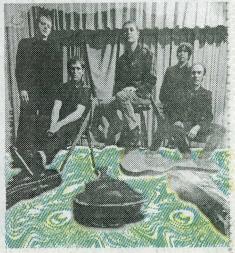
SLUG: And what kinds of things were going on in your life to cause you to be more intro-

spective this time around?

RP: Well, we went out on the road and toured more extensively than we've ever toured before, and so it just took its toll on us. Without hurting feelings or naming names, it's rough to be in a band and tour all the time, and it took its toll. Not just mine, but a couple other guys in my band too, so it's reflected in the lyrics of this record. (Pollard separated from his wife while writing and recording the album)

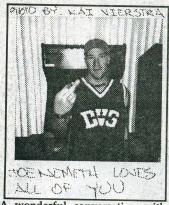
SLUG: Yeah, I'm really enjoying the record. Hope you get out here to Salt Lake. You're not playing at SXSW this year?

RP: The SXSW people are angry at us because we played a non-sanctioned show last year for Revolver Magazine. But see, I don't care, because I don't know what they do with all that money they make anyway. They don't pay the bands. They give them a bracelet and that's it. I'm not sure where all the money goes. SXSW is basically a show-case for bands that are trying to break, and we don't need that anyway. But I like playing Austin; I love Austin. Maybe we'll play another non-sanctioned show for SXSW down there.



slugmag.com page 25

Nemeth Speaketh



A wonderful conversation with local skater Joe Nemeth. By Mike Abramovitz

Why should I write about skateboarding in a music magazine? One word, payback. I began skateboarding in 1985, and as I grew up I picked up on music through skateboarding. Whether I read about a band in a skate magazine, or heard music playing in a skate video, skateboarding introduced me to a lot of good music. In the beginning it was all about punk, with bands like the Dead Kennedys, The Vandals, Agent

Orange, Bad Brains, Suicidal Tendencies, Minor Threat, and the Misfits. Then, as time passed, hiphop started to show up in skate culture. I was constantly hearing Public Enemy, DEL, the Beastie Boys, the Pharcyde, and N.W.A.. Now, bands like Tortoise, Radiohead, Built to Spill, and Dinosaur Jr. have been showing up. And don't forget about the metal bands, like Slayer, AC/DC, Motorhead, and Iron Maiden. Anyway, writing about skateboarding and skateboarders in SLUG is just my

way of saying thanks.

Now, about Joe Nemeth. As I grew up skating in Las Vegas, were always people who ripped. There was Mike Chu, Paul Smith. Otis Stevenson, the

infamous Chad Muska, Ed Defalco, Frank Atwater, Matt Serna, Kenny Anderson, and of

course, Joe Nemeth. Joe has to be one of the most dedicated skaters I know. He has constantly progressed, becoming better and better and never quitting. It seems that no matter how hurt he's been, or how tough the times were, Joe kept on skating. Joe's been sponsored for so long, I don't even remember a time when he wasn't sponsored. People who stick with skateboarding for a long time deserve respect, and Joe's one of them.

SLUG: So you can't tell me who your sponsors are?

JOE: No, I can tell you. D.V.S. shoes, I get clothes from T.S.A., bearings from Bones Swiss, and sometimes watches from Nixon.

> n d BLIND -SIDE (local skate shop). SLUG: How do you pronounce your name, is it name-ith, or nem-ith? JOE: Nemith.

SLUG: How long have

you been skating? JOE: 13 or 14 years, I can't remember when I started, I don't know

how old I was. SLUG: How long have you been living in Salt Lake? JOE: Three years. Sorry if this is boring, I don't know how to answer questions. I'm so hung over from last night. (laughter)

SLUG: Why did you move to Salt JOE: I was going out with this girl who decided to move here, and I moved here with her and got stuck

SLUG: What was the first video

that you were in? JOE: The Zorlac video.

SLUG: And what music was play-

JOE: Fuck, I can't remember. Was it Jawbreaker? Either them or Fluff, it was someone out of San Diego

SLUG: Was it your choice, what music was being played?

JOE: No, I didn't even know I was in it until I saw it.

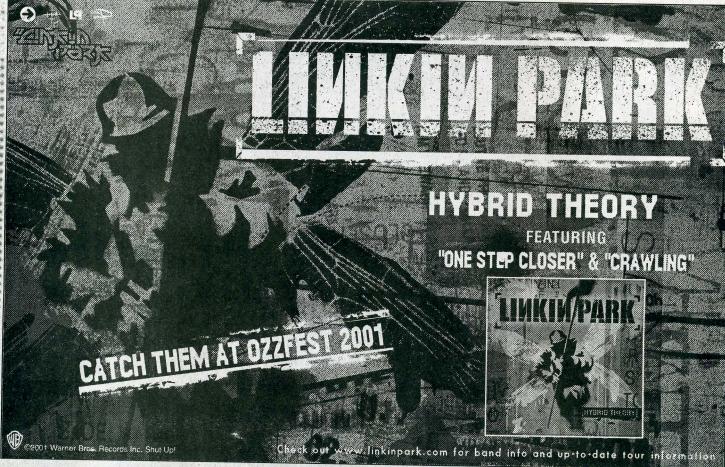
SLUG: So what kind of music have you been listening to lately?

JOE: A lot of Metallica lately. Slayer, and we kinda got stoked on this band called the Aislers.

SLUG: So you're not into the DMX that you skated to in the D.H. 48 video?

JOE: That's just for bling bling. That's just the funny stuff. I fully like that too, it comes and goes.





When I'm getting drunk & partying it's fun.

SLUG: How do you feel about these pissed off bands nowadays like rage against the machine and Korn-hole?

JOE: Stupid, fuckin' stupid. They should just keep their problems to themselves. Who wants to hear about them.

SLUG: Are you glad to see skating the way it is now? With the way it's blown up since you've been skating?

JOE: Yeah that's good. It's way more acceptable now, everyone knows what skateboarding

Before you would get kicked out of everywhere.

Now, If they know you're filming, if they see you taking photos, nine times out of ten they'll let you stay.

SLUG: How's Salt Lake different from Vegas? With skating and the music scene too?

IOE: I think there's more of a scene here, I don't remember there being anything in Vegas. Everyone here is pretty tight knit, it's rad because everybody skates. You can go to any spot and you know people.

SLUG: What's your favorite park in Utah?

IOE: Connection, definitely. SLUG: What's up with the women?

JOE: I don't even want to talk about that right now. There

are no women. SLUG: Now we're going to do a little word association. Just me what comes to mind when each say

SLUG: Gator? JOE: (Laughter) Prison.

SLUG: Fruit boots? IOE: Dumb.

SLUG: Vegas?

IOE: Good to visit, but not to stay there.

word. Mormons?

IOE: Fucked.

SLUG: Will Watkins?

JOE: Fucking glory story. Every time I would see him he'd say

"Remember when I was the shit? I taught you how to do impossibles". He was a big name dude in Vegas, like when I was in high school, wasn't he?

SLUG: I don't know. I just remember him being a drunk.

JOE: He used to be one of the main dudes everyone looked up to. Then he disappeared for a while and came back all fucked up. Everyone got better than him.

SLUG: In LL's song "Mama said knock you out", he said "Don't call it a comeback/I've been here for years". How did that make you feel?

IOE: When LL said it? I don't know, it was pretty cool. Was it a good song?

SLUG: You don't remember it?

IOE: I do, but I don't remember being pumped on the song. Am I a comeback story? Is that what you're trying to associate that

SLUG: It's just a bullshit question. LL should be a part of your daily life.

JOE: He is.

SLUG: Who do the shouts go out

JOE: Chad (Nelson), Tom (Lee) from Blindside (skate shop), Andy Forgash, and Shane Justus and everyone from 48.



With an almost Germanic precision and regularity, Entertainer and professpokesperson sional Merlin Olsen continues to frequent so-called "hip" owned music locally stores. Accordingly the list of cutting edge, youth-culture-based artists that line his shelves is growing. Is this man leading the pack or simply trying to keep up?

- Dig this 1) Paul van Dyke
 - 2) John Digweed
 - Mocean Worker
 - DJ Food
 - 5) DJ Coldcut



A Concert Previews

Lame-ass concert previews for April

Happy Birthday to me! Happy Birthday to me! That's right folk! It's old Kevlar7's birthday this month. Yeehaww! Another year older and another none the wiser, but hey fuck it nobody's perfect, (unless you're Mormon, that is what I'm told any-

way). First off this month, I want to apologize for the mistake made last month concerning the Zeke show and how I was wrongfully led to believe that Flogging Molly was opening. It was in fact, the band Hog Molly who is fronted by Seattle grunge legend Tad. This wasn't necessarily my fault, I just went off the information sent to me and many of the calendars that had been sent to me in February stated that it was Flogging Molly. Oh well, I still want to give a formal apology to those who were misled, the club, my boss, and especially Hog Molly, who kicked ass that night. Since I'm on the subject of screw-up's and apologies, I want to make amends to Blake Bailey of the local band Macguyver for not being able to get in touch with him and getting a copy of his album to review. Sorry buddy, but I'm a very busy guy with school and this very hectic rock n' roll journalist schedule of mine, but E-mail me at www.Kevlar7@hotmail.com, and we will try to set up a day and time to get together. And last the Heavy Metal Shop, source of anything cool and heavy, not trendy and mediocre, has moved between 300 South and 400 South on Exchange Place, on the southwest of the street. Go say hi to Kevin and buy killer shit, just don't make it on his idiot list for the month. Support local businesses that supply good music. Not much more of a rant this month, because there is a shit load of good shows and I want to spend more space raving about them. So, without further bullshit, on with the spread of killer shit this month. Get the pencil and day planner ready and don't forget to send those naked birthday pictures over the Internet to me girls.

The first kick ass show for April is the return of **Hot Water Music** and Leatherface on the 6th at *DV8*. This will be a damn good show to start the month off with. Hot Water Music plays some of the most dynamic and progressive indie rock since the days of Fugazi's Repeater era. Jazz influenced bass and drums, with dueling guitars

that grind the melodic noise home. Leatherface is another skilled band of writing epic and atmospheric compositions. The gruff vocals of their front man lend a perfect opposite to their beautiful and bombastic tracks. These bands are huge fans of each other and they play well together. Be there for a night of intense musical performances.

At the Zephyr Club on the 6th and 7th is a band that claims to be an Irish drinking band. The Young Dubliners do have some instrumental tracks that have very Celtic sounds to them, but as soon as the lead vocalist opens his month, they end up sounding like the Dave

Mathews Band. If you're a hippie, who, for some strange reason reads this column, check it out. Other then that, I would hold out for the real drinking sounds of The Dolomites and Flogging Molly. A show that is a prime example of "Alternative" radio bands that

I have no idea about is on the 7th at *DV8*. The bands are **Grand Theft Auto**, taken from the Playstation game, I imagine, and **Sprung Monkey**. Also on the bill is **Zebrahead**, who I know and actually think they put on a good show and have a catchy sound, even if it does bring to mind 311. Drink a lot of alcohol and check

out this show, might be good for a drunken swagger fest.

Fans of the great Fishbone will want to take notice that the



GO SEE THIS BAND YOU FUCKS

Phunk Junkeez will be playing on the 11th at the *Zephyr Club*. The Junkeez are a band that can play many different styles of music without having to resort to a stalwart sound that continually needs to be pounded in the ground. What they do really good is the funk and they get the ass grooving. Smoke a bowl and head on down to the Zephyr for a night of funky groove and slamming metal from one band.

Oh shite, the Gods of metal and dirty rock n' roll are finally returning to Salt Lake for a night of divine righteousness. AC/DC is at the *E-Center* to show us what real rock is all about. Expect blazing tracks from the new disc, plus many classic musical nuggets of history that will set one to nirvanic rapture as the band belts them out of the speakers for eardrum shattering effect. Plus, opening is the guitarist of one of the descent actual eighties hair bands, Slash's Snakepit will try to put on a show before being set on fire by the riffs and head banging fury of guitar virtuosity Angus Young. Be there.

Another band of immense legend is also returning to Salt Lake City after a lengthy hiatus. Fugazi will be at *Brick's* on the 14th.

After seeing them last time they played at the Fairgrounds a couple of years ago, I'm determined that these guys are one of the most talented and engaging artists to watch perform. And after hearing their last album, "End Hits" I believe that the best songs of their career will finally be performed live for all to see. Do NOT miss this show at any costs. This will be something you will want to tell your grandkids about. Killer indie rock from one of the best up and coming bands out there in the underground musical scene today, Atom and



Atom& His Package at Kilby Court 4/19

His Package, at Kilby Court on the 18th. I dare people who have any claim to musical freakiness to attend this show and not say this band is one of the best. Any takers?

Those who read this column are encouraged to attend Bastard

International

Conspiracy

Sons of Johnny Cash at the Zephyr Club, on the 19th. Further carrying the torch of roots rockabilly and honky-tonk, BSOJC will be playing songs of trucking, drinking, cheating women, and dusty country roads. I did a review of their disc last month and I gave it double thumbs up. I encourage ya'll to attend this show and see what I was raving about. Just remember to get a booth in the corner and start downing the whiskey to prep yourself for this killer show.

From here on out for the rest of the month, the shows just get better and better, with Boy Sets Fire, Sick Of It All, and

Death By Stereo, at Brick's on the 24th. Boy Sets Fire, one of the most intense emo-core bands that plays some of the most aggressive songs at times, while doing absolutely gorgeous anthems of despair and sorrow at other moments in their set. Every single one of their discs are fucking masterpieces, find out why. Sick Of It All are godfathers of the whole positive East coast old school hardcore, whose new disc is a masterpiece that gets continual spins in my player. These guys

put on a performance that is so full of energy that it is guaranteed to leave one's jaw on the ground. Death by Stereo scares the hell out of me with their "kill 'em all" schizophrenic metal/hardcore. Be there.

The best show of month is on the 25th, at DV8. The bands are Rocket From the Crypt, The (International) Noise Conspiracy, and The Explosion. Rocket, are like Social Distortion, they are grandfathers of the whole greasy rock n' roll with vocals by Elvis on crack. This band is complete with a horn section. And live they put on one of the most entertaining and energetic performances. Same with the Conspiracy, who had put themselves on the list of the best shows for 2000. After seeing them open at Liquid Joe's on Election Day for J. Mascis, I'm convinced that these 60's style R&B/mod rockers are one of the best live bands of late. I have a friend who drools at the mere mention of The Explosion, claiming that their discs are some of the best rock n' roll being performed out there now. Do not miss this show at any cost.

Great jazz at Cup O' Joes on the 26th, in the form of J Spot Ruemmerley Quintet. I love good jazz and I love coffee. Numero Uno, "Gin n' Tonie, Please", Dawn the WoMan would enthusiastically second that as well. See why the experts agree.

Another great up and coming indie rock band The Juliana

Theory is at DV8 on the 27th. This band is getting a lot of notice on the East Coast and a lot of indie rags are spewing forth great praise for this band, find out why.

Or, check out the best rockabilly show of the month, Rocket 350, at Burt's Tiki Lounge, also on the 27th. These guys are truly spectacular and they have a really great boot stomping drunken swagger sound. Their disc "Junglebilly" is one of the best psychobilly discs of last year. I highly encourage that anyone who greases their hair and cuffs their jeans to attend this show. Plus, since my birthday is close, all my fans can buy me a drink. Ha!

The "strangest bands paired together on a bill" show is on the 28th at DV8. The groups are Toadies and Elliot. Now the Toadies play southern-fried aggro "Alternative" rock. Their new disc is NOT a pile of commercial shite and is actually pretty good. Elliot, is a band that is very strong in the indie world and play very atmospheric epic emotional rock. Strange pairing? Indeed. Good show? You Bet!

The 29th is give praise for The 29th Birthday for the Almighty "Ratboy" Kevlar7!! Birthday presents, drinks, and spankings by

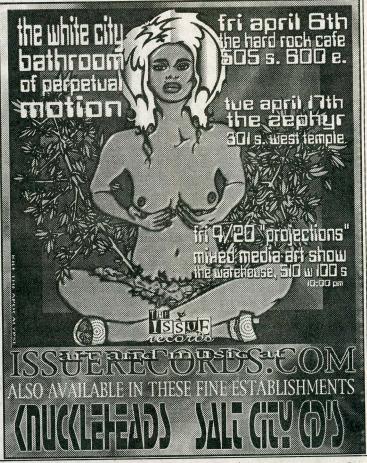
Noise

good-looking ladies are encouraged!!

And last, to end the month of great shows off with is my favorite bands of the last five years. Shiner will be playing on the 30th at Kilby Court with openers Glory for Champions. Not in the same genre, but better the Reverend Horton Heat, Shiner plays the best mathematic progressive epic rock ever engineered and transferred to compact disc. Think Hum, Cave In, Failure, and The Casket Lottery; bands that hit hard, but leave the senses on a vast mountain top on a summer day with a cool breeze running through the air. This will be the best birthday present ever given, now don't y'all miss out on partaking in my gift. I support everything this band does, they are the best of the best. Be there at any costs and find out why I tremble in their presence.

That's all that needs to be said for the month folks. The 2nd of May has surf legend Dick Dale at the Zephyr Club and the 6th has Waxwing, an Elliot Smith wannabe

band at Kilby Court. Take note of those and remember two things: 1) There is less then a month of school left until summer and 2) It's not the size that matters, it's how you use it. And that folks, is important to know about one's brain. Until next month, I'll see you down front performing the drunken swagger; just don't spill my





Okay kids. The old guy went to Texas for the SXSW music festival. What did the first cab driver I encountered say? "Where y'all from?" "Salt Lake City." "Well, how many wives y'all got?" Austin, Texas is the live music capital of the world, even more so during SXSW.

A friend of mine picked me up at the airport in Texas. We proceeded to get as fucked up as possible. It's spring break, it's vacation, I'm in the live music capital of the world and there are a thousand bands with stupid names to see. Let's get trashed. The fucking cops wound up following us and staking out the hiding hole. By the time I'd been in Texas for five hours I'd already attracted the interest of a small town police force and contributed to marital discord.

After seven hours in Texas, I eventually wound up at Antone's for Zach Parrish. For those who don't know: Antone's is one of the most famous, if not the most famous blues bar in the entire world. Zach Parrish from Salt Lake City played on the first night of the SXSW music festival and his was the first band to take the Antone's stage. That sucks. Zach was duded up like a gambler from a 1950's B-grade Western flick – all

handlebar mustache, suit and hat. His performance...and I'm honest, which I'm hoping Zach respects me for...was not one of the best I've seen. Zach appeared nervous and his performance suffered, but who wouldn't be nervous? On-stage at Antone's? Jesus. As I learned from another local paper Zach and band stuck around Antone's

and were invited to perform again. I'm sure liquid refreshments loosened things up and I'm sure the Zach Parrish Blues Band's second performance on Antone's stage was better than the first. However, I didn't stick around. Not because of disrespect for Zach, hell no. There were a thousand bands to see.

By the time I'd been in Austin for 11 hours I'd seen the Zach Parrish Blues Band, Carolyn Wonderland, Teddy Morgan and Caitlin Cary. Not one stupid band name and all of them have performed in Salt Lake City. Caitlin Cary performed as a member of Whiskeytown. Why choose to see those four bands? Well, two of the four are from Texas and three of the four are from the South. Each and every one plays American roots music - esoteric music for niche markets. See, I didn't go to Austin to see the next big thing and I didn't go to Austin to sign a fucking band so why should I see unsigned bands? I went to Texas to see music, Texas music and to have a damn good time, which I

What impressed me? The daylight concerts at both the Yard Dog and at Under The Sun. The Waco Brothers pretty much blew off the

tarp covering the Yard Dog's backyard on Friday. Even Beatle Bob, an obnoxious radio disc jockey from St. Louis who turns up all over SXSW each and every year was impressed. He was so impressed that he joined the Waco Brothers on stage and did his silly dance. Of course Sally Tims (Mekons) was also on stage doing a silly dance. The Yard Dog was not the last time I encountered Beatle Bob on Friday. Either I have extremely poor musical taste or Beatle Bob was on my ass. He turned up every place I did. However, on Thursday, also during the day an incredible show occurred. New West Records threw a party at Club Deville featuring Stephen Bruton, Jon Dee Graham, Slobberbone, Billy Joe Shaver, Delbert McClinton and some other folks. Talk about geriatric rock. Talk about esoteric music. Billy Joe Shaver was the highlight. Billy Joe who? He's a songwriter duh! He wrote a bunch of famous country songs back before country became "new," "young," and boring. Hell, even before Urban Cowboy there was Billy Joe Shaver. His son Eddy overdosed on heroin on New Year's Eve and Billy Joe's daytime performance was pretty much dedicated to Eddy. Dumb stuff I know, certainly not the next big thing, but the album Billy Joe and Eddy recorded shortly before Eddy's death, The Earth Rolls On, is a phenomena waiting to happen. Especially "Blood Is Thicker Than Water," a duet between father and son; Billy Joe criticizes Eddy's lifestyle and choice in women even as Eddy criticizes his daddy's whoring and drinking. Eddy's mother/Billy Joe's wife and Billy Joe's mother also died recently so seeing a man filled with sorrow cracking jokes on stage was especially awe inspiring. After crashing the Sam Goody party at Waterloo Park, stuffing my face and stealing Sam Goody's booze I saw Jesse Dayton and Charlie Robison. More signed artists and more damn Texans and it was still Thursday! I completed the day with Laika & the Cosmonauts, the Comas, the Rock*A*Teens, Paul Burch and the North Mississippi Allstars. Some stripper from Houston was all pissed off because Laika & the Cosmonauts didn't sing a word, she left to see Train completely unaware that "Instrumental" surf music isn't exactly native to Finland.

Thanks to Cirrus Logic I ate dinner in Waterloo Park on Friday, after "crashing" my way into the "VIP" area again, and Kasey Chambers from Australia provided the dinner music. Earlier in the day Roger Wallace, Jim Stringer and Wayne Hancock as well as the aforementioned Waco Brothers helped the daylight hours pass. Slewfoot Records provided brunch while Ryan Adams and Lucinda Williams nearly put me to bed early by playing at the Austin Music Hall. My choices were better later in the evening with Brassy, the Street Walkin' Cheetahs, The Morells and Idlewild - all gave splendid performances. On Saturday it was back to Under The Sun for Rockin' Lloyd Tripp and the Zipguns, James Intveld, Dale Watson and a bunch of other bands whose names I didn't catch.. Rounder Records threw a party with entertainment provided by Theryl "Houseman" de'Clouet. I stuck around Momo's long enough to catch the Tarbox Ramblers before heading off to La Zona Rosa for Johnny Dowd and Jim White. Then tragedy struck. I'd been in the herb garden and drinking beer most of the day. After Jim White was David Byrne, and I was left without desire for Byrne so I walked out of La Zona Rosa...and forgot my bag. The fucking pricks guarding the gate refused to allow me back in to get it. I do mean motherfucking pricks. Not two minutes after I'd left I was back explaining that I'd forgotten my bag inside. These assholes would not allow me back in. "Too bad buddy. We're pricks, you are out of luck and out of several hundred dollars worth of equipment. Camera, tape recorder, CD player - sorry." Fuck La Zona It's too bad Utah doesn't love

Utah musicians as much as Texas loves Texas musicians because if we did - Utah might have a decent music "scene." Speaking of which - on April 19 Marti Brom will play at the Dead Goat Saloon with the Barnshakers from Finland. Brom is a Texan and a looker. The Barnshakers are a hillbilly band. The gig is for any and all who love a combination of beauty and musicianship. Do not place Brom in a narrow musical niche or try to classify her music. Country, swing, jazz, bluegrass and old fashioned rock 'n' roll are expect-



THE BASTARD SONS OF JOHNNY BASH

Yes, the Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash do have permission to use the name. Actually the great man in black gave them his blessing. No, the Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash are not emulating his style. The music on their just released debut for Ultimatum Music, Walk Alone, is closer to the sound of the Derailers than Johnny Cash. Although the Bastards cover both Dale Watson ("Truckstop In La Grange") and Merle Haggard ("Silver Wings") this is not another California group paying tribute to the "Bakersfield sound." Derailers comparison comes from the vocal harmonies, especially on original tunes like "Trains Gonna" Roll." That's the single to my ears, as if a young San Diego band playing country music will ever get a single on the radio. And yet, there might be some hope. Music "trade" papers are filled with stories on country music's lost audience. Radio numbers are sinking, sales are dropping, Garth Brooks is semi-retired - what will Nashville do?

Nashville should start paying attention to the Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash and a host of other "country" bands recording for labels like Bloodshot, Rounder, New West, Checkered Past, Slewfoot, Hightone, Yep Roc and so on and so forth. Here's an example of the Nashville community's whining, "Record sales show a soft market with SoundScan reporting sales of country albums down by some 5.5 million units at a time when album sales on the whole are up." Hmmm? And why can't I find the Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash in my local "SoundScan reporting" chain CD store?

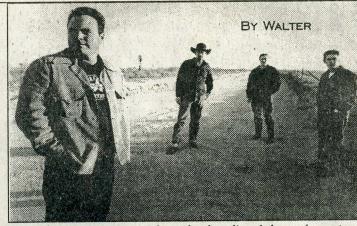
Enough bitching. Pure country music does exist. The radio doesn't play it, SoundScan doesn't acknowledge the sales and lyrics such as, "She's just as sweet as honey dripping from the honey bee/I can tell you're the devil in disguise every time you smile at me/She wants to be your lover, she's got the burning flame/She'll spend all of your money and time, but she won't make you wait in vain/Don't you know, ain't you been told/Well if you wanna come along then you better grab hold/She's gonna roll, this little train's gonna roll." You won't find that on a Tim McGraw album. There you have country

music. A song about a honey dripping woman compared to a rolling train. If you don't get it I'm not explaining, but the Bastards have more – more truck driving songs, more caffeine and amphetamine songs, and a song about the Texas sun. Kind of makes a person desire a beer, as all good country music should.

The Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash are planning to visit Utah. The date is April 19 and the venue is the Zephyr. Yes, the evening is begging for two bars in one night because Marti Brom is over at the Dead Goat on the same evening. So, as preparation for the BSOJC appearance I talked with Mark Stuart on the phone. He is the main songwriter, lead vocalist and acoustic guitarist. Here's what he had to say.

Ultimatum Music isn't exactly known as a country music label. The roster includes Sugarcult, The Incredible Moses Leroy, 6Gig, Moke, J Mascis, Dogstar and BSOJC. Why Ultimatum? "I had some people that I knew from San Diego that were working for them who I really respected and trusted so I felt like I could go there. You know, there really aren't too many country labels out there, that are non-Nashville based. You take your chances with an alternative rock label." Fair enough. Stuart also said that Ultimatum is providing tour support, something tiny independent labels aren't always able to do, but... along with the Johnny Cash aspect comes a Willie Nelson connection. We switched gears on the big rig and moved on to Connie Nelson, Willie Nelson's ex-wife and a BSOJC fan. "She lives in a small community outside of San Diego called Fallbrook. We were playing a bar that her daughter Amy works at and Amy told her mother to come down and see us. We've been good friends ever since." She also hooked the band up with a gig at Willie Nelson's annual Fourth of July picnic.

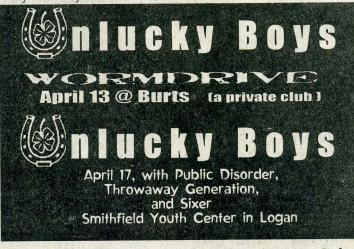
Stuart became interested in country music through his mother's record collection. She played Willie Nelson, Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings and Merle Haggard while he was growing up. He didn't like the music then, but after stints in the usual punk rock and cover bands he came back to the record collection and chose his current direction. Every country artist today claims the



same exact influences. From Toby Keith to Diamond Rio to Travis Tritt, Kenny Chesney, Gary Allan, Aaron Tippin - read the record label provided biographies and they all listened to the same thing - they say. It's like record companies mimeograph the influences and stick them in every biography, but BSOJC don't sound like all the rest? "I think it's true for all the country bands. I think the difference is, I'm doing my music, they're doing music that other people wrote for them. They're using the musicians that other people told them they had to use. Our music doesn't come out sounding like a cookie cutter, like everything else that comes out of Nashville. I'm sure that all the country bands, even the hat bands, I'm sure they love all those artists because those artists represent the best part of country. I have more than just country influences, I love rock, I love AC/DC, I like all music, but as far as country - you have the top four or five. I don't bother to add in the Marty Robbins or Faron Youngs and everything because I figure those are just the founding fathers of country. They influence everybody. Nowadays it's hard to find

the founding fathers of country because the industry won't let the country people do their own music. You're not going to end up with a lot of individual voices when you have a cookie cutter type of situation. You've got some Dale Watsons and Robert Earl Keenes and Joe Elys and Jimmie Dale Gilmores and you've got your Charlie Robisons, but for the most part none of those bands are getting the sort of exposure the bands out of Nashville are getting, who control radio and video."

Independent voices are desperately needed in all music today and not just music either. The entire society is becoming what Stuart terms "cookie cutter." Stop the train by shopping at independent record stores, turning off the television and the radio, and the Zephyr and the Dead Goat. Support the Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash because you won't find the record at Best Buy or Wal-Mart. Besides, the fact that the music makes a person wanna drink a cold beer and kick up some dust is a good enough reason to search out Walk Alone.



Slouching Toward SXSWestlehem

Story & Photos by Brian Staker

SXSW, the largest showcase of live music in the world, is something that just can't be summed up in any number of words. With over 1000 musical acts performing, it's truly a case of the blind men describing the elephant, and each

show even had several facets.

But it's worth asking, why does music mean so much to people, evoking the responses that it does? A question to ponder approaching the Convention Center and the prospect of shelling out 500 clams on an all-access badge. I borrow "Walter's" badge to browse around the crappy giveaways this year. Guitar picks? CD Warehouse condoms? I'm not in marketing but I know the first rule of a good booth is, have cool shit to give away. I manage to get a Village Voice T-shirt, but I have to ask for one; the attendant has them

hidden under the table. I get a wristband, enabling me to get into most shows, courtesy of **Zack Parrish**, by way of "Walter." Thanks to Zack and sorry I missed your show, unfortunately scheduled the first day, before my plane arrived. I stored up on sleep

Wednesday night for the rest of the week.

Waking up in the hotel room sometime the easy side of noon, the first thought isn't of music but naturally, food. There are plenty of places to find both, especially if your palate is craving the specialties of the region, like barbeque and authentic Mexican fajitas. There are a number of places where you can just walk in and be greeted by free food and music that's easy on hungover nerves. The Yard Dog has become a chosen place to hang out for alt-country sounds and folk art on display by some of the same musicians

playing in the yard, like Jon Langford of the Waco Brothers. Starting out Thursday I load up on beef brisket and music from Autumn Defense. "Wait a minute, isn't that the one guy from Wilco?" I ask Walter, and damned if it isn't John Stirratt on the guitar playing songs that sound like they could be outtakes from Summerteeth. This place is getting trendy enough that this little luncheon was sponsored by Spin Magazine. Oh did I mention the free beer too? White Hassle, Cash Audio and the Glands were also on the menu.

Getting back to my original question, what the hell is up with the music industry these days? The strength of alt-country and hip-hop are well represented. One of the longest lines is for Thursday night's Black Eyed Peas show at Stubb's Barbeque. I forgot until I got in that I was just here to eat. Damn those J. Mascis fans

are dressing hip-hop now. Remembering, I went down the street to Emo's. Those of us up front would need a new set of eardrums before the night was over. A friend there exclaimed, "those aren't amps, they're tanks!" looking at the huge Marshall stacks amassed. This show had it's own share of hype, as Mascis, original drummer George and Mike Watt were to be joined by Ron Asheton from the Stooges. Before he came up they played a few from J's new album, then Asheton helped them reprise some Stooges classics, from "I Wanna Be Your Dog" to "TV Eye." Appropriately, a

contact high was in effect as the smell of the sweet leaf wafted above.

Instead of going home to bandage my swollen, bleeding aural membranes as I would when seeing J. Mascis here, I move on to the next show, until it's five or six bands a night, for four or five

nights. Never completely sobering up the entire time. And in between shows an entire section of town is completely blocked off, filled with people stumbling around celebrating not only the music festival but Spring Break and the week of Saint Paddy's day too. In a city the size of Salt Lake there are probably ten times more clubs.

I go to see Spoon at the Mercury, preceded by alt-country Paul Burch and the WPA Ballclub, in the Merge Records showcase. Spoon's Britt Daniel is as nondescript as a 'rock star' can get, perpetually disheveled hair,

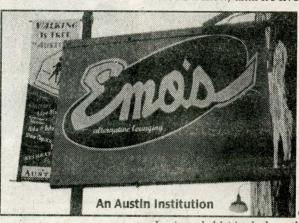
Levis and shirt in dark earth tones. Until you see him take the stage. Like his wardrobe, Spoon's music is subtle. Melodies and lyrics aren't necessarily complex, but can take a totally unexpected turn. The new album, *Girls Can Tell*, is the most pop album they've done, but it still has plenty of darkness, in almost a fifties film noir way. The way he hits a note, a minimal riff, filled with reverb and suspense over which way the string will bend next, and can stop on a dime. He has a little bit of swagger when he plays that makes them fun to watch. In their encore, their cover of a Wire song shows their new wave roots.

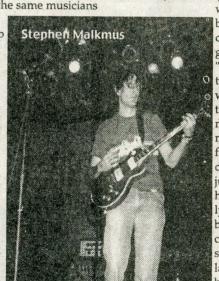
Much like the movie Groundhog Day, I start out the next two days the same, heading for the Yard Dog. First "Walter" and I stop at Waterloo Brewing Company for the Slewfoot Records luncheon

with trad acoustic group the Morells. "They've been around forever," Walter says. This is the closest to yuppy food, with artichoke dip, veggie tray and fajitas. As I ride, I ponder this "indie" music fest. It's supposed to be for bands that have yet to "break" into the majors, but what is going on in this little world? It seems that there's an increasing stratification of "indie" music, caused by two things: first, it's becoming more popular as there is more of it to choose from and more and more people are becoming dissatisfied with the majors; and second, people just want to classify everything, have it somehow prepackaged and judged. Which is perfectly natural, but goes against everything this brand of music is, or used to be, about-people creating music independently of anyone else's standards or approval. But there are small labels, larger labels and labels that are almost as big as majors, like the institution that Matador

has become. There are also, still, people who make music without any label. Street musicians abound.

If there's one "label" that still typifies the independent musical vision, it's Man's Ruin, operated by world-famous rock poster artist Frank Kozik. They showcase at Emo's with, somehow perversely, Th'Fuckemos, also Operator Generator and Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, the latter who aren't on the label. I had the pleasure of chatting with Th'Fuckemos. If there's one thing SXSW has, it's oddly enough a mindfulness of history, with the Convention's





keynote speaker Ray Davies, and an interview and performance by David Byrne, whose own relationship to "indie" aesthetic is both natural and problematic. With nostalgia in mind, I head up to the Texas University Union Theater to see Kristin Hersh play songs from her new album. In this more sedate auditorium, her songs have the wisdom of experience. "Maybe death is like the high without the low/but I enjoy the hangover." To someone who just recovered from one, that's a bit too pro-

Unable for once to charter a taxi, I hike about twenty blocks back to Buffalo Billiards on Sixth to see the Minders, at the spinART showcase. The poppy sound that characterizes much of the label is never more British, with the Portland group's singer Martyn Leaper an English transplant. The same group that played for a handful at a private party at Kilby Court earlier this month had lines going out the door to get in, and the people inside singing along and dancing. Beautiful.

found.

Then I run over to the Copper Tank
Brew Pub to catch the Secretly Canadian
showcase. This is a label that has released
some intriguing discs lately, with an ear
for subtlety that is too often forgotten in an
age of noise. I enter the hushed room as
Dave Fischoff is singing, barely audible,
eyes closed, looking more like a choirboy
than a musician in a bar. His live voice is
mixed with loops of itself to create a choir
effect, his fingers barely touching the gui-

tar strings, seemingly in the midst of some spiritual ecstacy even though in the middle of a crowded pub. After that, there's no GBV this year but Swearing at Motorists brings "Ohio in the House" with ex-GBV drummer Don Thrasher. Singer/guitarist Dave Doughman hangs up the Buckeye State flag first thing. He had the best stage presence of any performer I saw this week, weaving and jumping like a drunken Jimi Hendrix. When even indie artists are too cool to come to each other's shows, Britt Daniel is on hand to check it out. I passed up the Black Crowes to see this, and am satisfied with the choice.

On Saturday, my last full day here, I hit the Yard Dog again. It's-guess what?-more alt-country with Laura Cantrell and others. But it's one of the few genres that still sounds vital, set up against nihilistic hip-hop gangstas and whiny soundalike emo bands. Someone said country is the "white man's blues," and maybe it's popular because it's one of the last expressions of the tragic sense of 20th century life. More beer and steer is devoured at the cookout. I look at my watch. It's 3:30 in the afternoon and I am drunk. Sweet Holy Jesus.

After a nap in the hotel since I'm staying up all night to catch the redeye Sunday morning, passing up Matthew Sweet in the park (is he really indie?) I head out for the last big show of the festival: the Soft Boys reunion and Stephen Malkmus at the Austin Music Hall, the Matador showcase. Opening, Mark Eitzel is one of the remarkable voices at the festival, a great soulful, mournful yet joyous vocal. I'm continually struck by the variety of great voices at the fest, from (Swearing at Motorists) Dave Doughman's amazing vocal projection to Britt Daniel's indie Texas drawl to Laura Cantrell's country lilt. Something very key to this music thing I am trying to figure out is singing, somehow able to express a very deep core emotion that talking can't achieve.

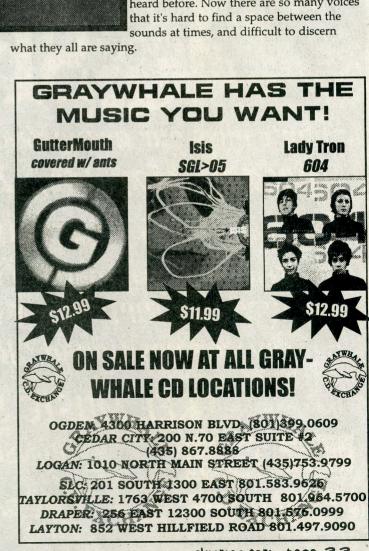
Speaking of individual voices, Robyn Hitchcock and the original Soft Boys just re-released 1980's *Underwater Moonlight*, one of the best albums of the period. They chart through most of it here, from

the anthemic opener "I Wanna Destroy You" to the anecdotal "Queen of Eyes" and the title song, which he explains is a true story about a rich couple who drown and are replaced by statues.

Mogwai plays their monumental instrumentals, stunning indeed. Then Stephen Malkmus, in a sense a figurehead for the entire indie rock genre. On songs from his solo album, sadness pervades the irony-drenched lyrics, even pervades the guitar solos, given more

prominence. Whoda thunk him a guitar hero? This new album is Pavement crossed with Jimmy Buffett, with tongue firmly entrenched in cheek. By now there's nothing for him to prove; he grins like it's effortless by now. There's no more the tension of his former group; instead an essay on the last 30 years of music and American culture with a wink and a nod. Still, there's the sense of defeat somehow, if all you can do is look back and laugh to keep from crying.

So, what is SXSW, and the music industry about? It's about coming to grips with the past at the same time as trying to create some kind of future. It's not about Napster at all; it's about trying to figure out where the next original voice will come from. People will always find a way to find what they want to hear; and that's where the past is gone. Before there was indie music, it was impossible to imagine what new sounds could be out there that had never been heard before. Now there are so many voices that it's hard to find a space between the sounds at times, and difficult to discern



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DIMENCIA: When I listen to the music from the Salt Lake band Antix, I recall a time when metal was less complicated. I remember a time when power-chord metal was king, and rules didn't exist well, all except for the rule that the last word of every line of lyrics had to rhyme with the last word from the previous line. I remember a time when "Ya's", "Ha's", grunts and growls from the vocalist were strategically placed for optimum effectiveness - more often than not, appearing just after the last word from a line of lyrics had rung out in brain-resonating harmony with it's cousin in rhyme from the end of the previous line. This music beckons of a time when the title of each and every song from an album appeared word for word in each song's respecgood Ahhh.... tive chorus. times.....good times. Check out Antix' 2000 release HANGING BY A THREAD, and await eagerly for their June release of READY TO SNAP. One other note of local interest: Provo's Tempered Steel will be appearing at "March Metal Meltdown III", taking place at Convention Hall in Asbury Park, NJ on April 6&7, 2001. Tickets are available through Tempered Steel website WWW.TEMPEREDSTEEL.NET.



KOCH

Can it be? Can it really be? New Opeth? Before listening to Opeth's, BLACKWA-

TER PARK, ask yourself, "What have I done to deserve this?". If you are so lucky, you too are holding (or fondling) Opeth's latest, and also contender for metal album of the year. Opeth mixes heaviness, dismal horror, beauty and emotion into their ultimately unique style. This band transcends any label that you might even think about tagging them with. Heavy guitars are countered with lush acoustic passages. Clean vocals temper a sometimes straight death approach. Opeth's focused sound is created by never relying on a single element of their music. This band ties together a multitude of sounds and styles with seamless perfection.

NUCLEAR BLAST : Today's power metal honors the Scorpions with A TRIBUTE TO THE SCORPI-ONS. Well, at least most of the bands are power metal. Many of the bands did exceptional jobs with their choices and renditions of classic Scorpions material. This is definitely one of the

better tribute albums that I've heard. During a listening of the entire release, I only had to question once why in the hell anyone would cover a Scorpions song from an album after LOVE AT FIRST STING (Seven Witches with "Alien Nation").

The band Soilwork literally and figuratively blasted out of Sweden's Gothenburg scene in '97 with their release STEELBATH SUICIDE. The band went on to release the extremely powerful (THE) CHAINHEART MACHINE in 2000. Today, Soilwork has completed the trifecta with their latest A PREDATOR'S PORTRAIT. This release exceeds the conventions of traditional metal, while it embraces many of the strong points of classic metal. This band combines melody and sheer technical play as no other band has done to date.

CENTURY MEDIA : Another band that can be held highly responsible for molding and influencing Sweden's Gothenburg sound is Darkane. This band was introduced to the world when they appeared on '98's War Music Compilation, WAR DANCE, The two tracks contributed to the compilation hinted of great things to come. Later that year, Darkane's debut, full-length RUSTED ANGEL was released and the demiurgic force within the band was revealed. INSANITY carries on in true Darkane fashion with new vocalist Andreas Sydow. This release is super heavy with an extreme-thrash edge. Darkane works with many time tested sounds within their song writing, at the same time hurling metal forward with the complexities and inventiveness that they add to their music. -

I'm pretty secure in the belief that I don't wield enough power in the music industry to ruin someone's day, let alone career. That in mind, I have no reservations when I say that the band ... And Oceans' latest album A.M.G.O.D. is horrible...... horrible. Speaking of the first song - the drummer uses his crash symbol as though it was recently purchased and will soon be going out of style. The guitars are a sloppy, open chord mess. The singer sounds disconnected from the rest of the band, and if the keyboard player had been playing "Girl From Ipanema" in the background, it would have fit about as well with the music as what he ended up with. Emmr.

OLYMPIC . It's official! The band Gorguts are not the bunch of musical bozos that was suggested by some of their earlier material. Their last album, OBSCURA had the world of metal music exclaiming a collective



FROM WISDOM TO "wow!". HATE is the latest from Gorguts, and is simply - bad ass. The four Canadians have finally captured what's been swirling around in their heads for all these years, and have recorded an album that is as heavy as it is disturbing. FROM WISDOM TO HATE has a very raw vibe. While technical aspects of this album are constantly challenging the listener, a good amount of slop remains, giving it an earthy, connected feel. This shit is good.

SPV : Think of the band Diesel Machine as the perfect union of Pantera and Meshuggah. Before pass-



ing this band off as a bunch of "clones", give their debut TORTURE TEST a listen. While similarities linger between Diesel Machine, Pantera and Meshuggah, the technical play featured on TORTURE TEST cannot be denied. Not only that, but this band's writing style is every bit as catchy as a sharpened fish hook.

Ahhhh geez... and I just ate. Nothing like bad power metal on a full stomach. The band Freedom Call succumbs to every pitfall and power metal cliché in the book with their album CRYSTAL EMPIRE. Every song on this album is manufactured around explosive, anthemic choruses. The music comes across as cheesy and overly dramatic. The guitars are either galloped rhythms or single notes played in exact time with double bass drumming. This is horrible horrible (uh oh, twice in one article).

Speaking of METAL BLADE : power metal - Destiny's End has a new release titled TRANSITION. This release has a heavier presence than their last album, BREATHE DEEP THE DARK, while the band still holds tightly to their melodic metal approach. A strong vocal per-

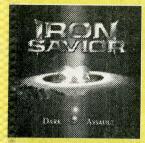
formance from James Rivera (ex-Helstar) drives this band's music. You'll be as happy as I was

to find out that the following Metal Blade acts are currently on tour. That is, until you find out that



(according to current tour dates). w/Yngwie LIZZY BORDEN Malmsteen, FATES WARNING DAVE BROCKIE w/Savatage, EXPERIENCE, LAMB OF GOD w/The Haunted. CANNIBAL CORPSE/LAMB OF GOD w/Dimmu Borgir & The Haunted, SYMPHONY X. FLOTSAM & JETSAM, IMMO-POUNDHOUND, LATION. JACOBS DREAM, DESTINY'S END. Sickening, isn't it? Any true King Diamond fan needs to check out King Diamond and Black Rose 20 YEARS AGO (A NIGHT OF REHEARSAL). Yes, there was life before his solo career and even before his years with Mercyful Fate. This release includes eleven Black Rose originals and a cover of Golden Earring's, "Radar Love". Because this recording is of an actual rehearsal - banter, screw ups and instrument tuning are all intact throughout the release. ____ The sick, sick bastards from the band Vomitory have released their third album, REVELA-TION NAUSEA. The Gustafsson brothers (Urban - guitar, Tobias /drums) have been going strong since 1989, and as of this release, they show no signs of slowing. This band plays brutally heavy death metal without falling into any of the trappings of very extreme music, instead, using an extreme approach to their full advantage. While they do keep it heavy, they never forget to keep their music interesting with tempo varia tions and just enough technical play.

Subterranean Sect













Iron Savior-Dark Assault

The gruff yet melodic vocals of singer Piet Sielck(Helloween, Blind Guardian,and Gamma Ray) bring to life this story of humanity's fight for survival while guitarist Kai Hansen's (Gamma Ray) riffs once again prove why he is known as the "godfather of power metal". All mankind should prepare for the Dark Assault.

Various Artists-Contaminated3.0/2CD low price compilation
Celebrating 10 years of total death metal! 2CDs. LOW PRICE! 150+ minutes of music. 51 tracks including unreleased tracks from Amorphis, Neurosis, Today Is The Day, Vile, Pig Destroyer,
Agoraphobic Nosebleed, and more! Pay no more than \$8.

Amorphis-Am Universum

On tour with *Opeth*! In stores <u>April 3rd</u>! Fusing tradition and foresight, *Amorphis'* Am Universum is a triumphant collection of ambitious, unparalleled song-craft. A breathtaking sonic landscape that is as graceful as it is magical, seamlessly melding harmonious vocals with lavish melodies and hypnotic guitar/keyboard interplay.

Various Artists-Brazilian Assault

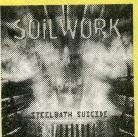
Almost 70 minutes of brutal, underground death metal featuring the demo/early recordings of *Mental Horror*, *Abhorrence*, *Nephasth* & *Ophiolatry*...the leaders of the current new crop of extreme death bands emerging from Brazil

Haste-When Reason Sleeps

"When Reason Sleeps has clearly proven what their debut record professed-genuine, creative, crossgenre POWER. Without a doubt, one of the records to watch in 2001-in the underground and mainstream alike."-mp3.com

Lacuna Coil-Unleashed Memories

Lacuna Coil return with their brand new album, Unleashed Memories, produced by Waldemar Sorychta (Tiamat, Moonspell, Samael). The band have crafted a masterpiece by combining sweet and sonically seducing melodies along with a thrilling unity of vocal styles and musical textures which capture the true magical essence of Lacuna Coil.

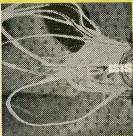




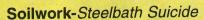












"SOILWORK have obviously worked hard at breaking the metal mold and defined a futuristic approach that no other metal band is exploring. They are a band to watch for in the new metal millennium. Go get it!" ROB HALFORD-THE METAL GOD. The highly anticipated debut from those melodic death metallers is now available for the first time domestically through Century Media Records. Available 4/3

Savatage-Poets And Madmen

The madmen of Savatage have created their most amazingly poetic album yet with the aptly titled Poets And Madmen. 2001 promises to be an extremely triumphant year for these true veterans of metal! Look out for their upcoming tour with Fates Warning this Spring. Available 4/17

Dimmu Borgir-Puritanical Euphoric Misanthropia

This album is an undeniable example of why Dimmu Borgir stand alone as one of the premier black metal bands of all time. Look out for them on the road with Cannibal Corpse and The Haunted terrorizing a town near you.

Therion-Beyond Sanctorum

Finally available for the first time ever in the U.S., Beyond Sanctorum will be officially released with four bonus tracks. Be sure to check out the classic re-release of Symphony Masses: Ho Drakon Ho Megas and Of Darkness. The albums clearly demonstrate the originality and experimental nature of this very talented band. Available 4/17.

ISIS-SGNL>05

With forays into dynamic extremes and stirring ambiances, SGNL>05 is the next step in the evolution of ISIS ... an unparalleled aural experience. Features a remix by Justin Broadrick Now available on Neurot Recordings.

Withered Earth-Into The Deepest Wounds

Withered Earth return with another deadly and diverse slab of metal







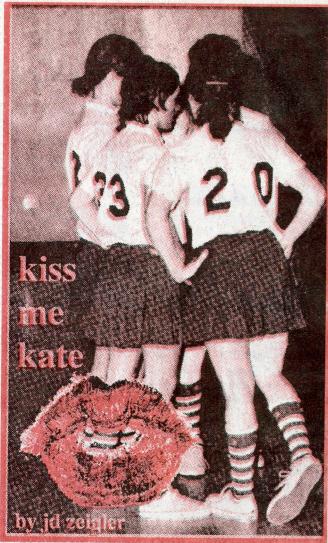




Available at: The HEAVY METAL SHOP 1238 East 2100 South SLC 801.467.7071



2985 W. 3500 S.



"Yo! Janey, over here!" Carol's voice boomed across Sakonnet High's gymnasium. The other alumni crowding the floor felt a flashback frisson at the sound of her familiar stentorian tone. It was the voice they heard exhorting the girls' volleyball, basketball, and softball teams to state championships twenty-five years before.

"Still thinks she's the goddamned captain," commented Janey to her fiance, Dick, as they, wearing name tags and clutching cocktails, threaded their way through the throng of forty-something celebrants. Their destination was a table under a banner that read, "Class of "76 Reunion - That's the Spirit!"

The old gang, the former cream of the "Lady Sentinels", was there along with their various spouses and significant others. Ringed around the drink-laden table sat Rosie with her third husband, Bob; Deedee and Paul, her husband of twenty years; Carol and Geraldine, Carol's new partner; and Nancy and Sue, the 1976 softball team's pitcher and catcher respectively, clandestine sweethearts in high school and together ever since. Only Katy was missing.

After a crossfire of kisses, hugs, handshakes, the obligatory, "you haven't changed a bit" fibs, and exchange of progeny photos, Janey asked peevishly, "Where the hell is Katy? I thought she was coming for once."

"Who the fuck knows? We're taking bets on whether or not she'll show up. So far Deedee's the only one with money on Kate," answered Rosie. "Pot's at two hundred. You want in?"

"No thanks. That old gray mare will never show," sniffed Janey contemptuously.

"Cut Katy some slack. I saw her after mass last week. She said she was definitely coming," Deedee remonstrated.

"It'd be a first," Janey snorted. "And why should I cut her slack? She never cut us any!"

"Get over it!" retorted Deedee angrily.

"Jesus H. Christ, here we go again - same friggin' argument, every five years," Sue complained under her breath to Nancy.

Yesteryear's other Lady Sentinels rolled their eyes and sighed, while Dick, Bob, Paul, and Geraldine, the outsiders, looked on, embarrassed by another family's squabble. The men wisely

decided to steer clear of the impending cat fight, but Gerry, who possessed a wild streak of jocularity and no fear of her own sex, had no such reservations.

"What do you call a guy from Alabama with a pig under each arm?" she asked, apropos of nothing, deliberately interrupting the drama. She was so loud, people at the nearby cheerleaders' table glanced her way. Even Deedee and Janey were distracted from their argument.

Dick, the neophyte of the group, rose to the bait. "I don't know. What?" he inquired, hoping to head off Janey's temper.

"A pimp!" Gerry chortled.

Relieved laughter from the others echoed hers, and Carol murmured, half affectionate, half rueful, "She's such a joker. See what I have to live with."

Janey, defused and back in the present, apologized to Deedee, "Sorry. Let's not fight over Katy again. Still love me?"

"Sure, bitch, but only because you were the best center forward we ever had," joshed Deedee.

"Nah, I hate to admit it, but that was Katy," conceded Janey. She added wistfully, "Boy, she really was something; our best athlete and

class valedictorian to boot."

"Who is Katy?" chorused Bob, Dick, and Gerry, newbies curious about this mystery guest.

"She was one of the 'Ladies'," Paul, the old hand, explained. "Sisters in sport who still keep in touch and meet at every reunion...except Katy, that is," he finished lamely.

"Kids called us 'the jockettes'," added Nancy. "We were on the same teams and in the same PE classes."

"Hey, do you guys remember the four-man somersault we did in Miss Neal's gymnastic class?" asked Rosie, taking a walk down memory lane. She elaborated for the newcomers' sake, "Four of us linked together, head to crotch, trying to roll like a wheel; me, Janey, Carol, and Katy. It was hard, but we could roll about ten feet before falling apart."

Janey pinched her nose. "Phew! Funky, sweaty, girl crotches, too! I swear that's why I'm straight," she joked to Dick.

"Funny, I swear that's why I'm gay", deadpanned Carol in response.

"If I'd known that at the time, it might have been a three-man roll," Janey teased. "But you didn't come out until spring break senior year in college. Jesus, what a wild vacation! Think they fixed Fort Lauderdale yet?"

"Carol, you never told me this story," Gerry disingenuously remarked.

Janey cackled bawdily, "That's because the slut's ashamed of herself. She picked up some woman in the hotel bar and spent the night on the beach screwing her."

"You should talk," warned Sue. "You lost your cherry then, too, with the drummer in the bar's band!"

Busted, Janey turned to Dick and said, in a voice dripping with false contrition, "Honey, I confess I'm not a virgin."

"I'd be scared shitless to marry you, if you were at your age", he laughed.

The others laughed, too, and three-time's-acharm Rosie raised her scotch, "To 'practice makes perfect'!" she toasted.

"Hear, hear," everybody responded, and drained their glasses.

Gerry, ever convivial, eyed the table of empties. "Looks like it's my round," she said. "I'll be back in a few with a few." She smooched Carol on the cheek and left to join the thirsty mob standing ten deep at the bar.

After her jolly partner's departure, Carol waxed pensive and returned to the previous subject, remarking to Janey, "Yeah, it was some trip, but, you know, right after that's when I lost touch with Katy. She went to grad school and didn't answer any of my letters. I've never understood why."

"Shit, Cap, she dropped me then, too. It was because we got laid. Katy's got a humongous hair up her ass about sex. She dropped each of us once we started doing it." Janey directed

her statement at Carol, although she looked straight at Deedee, as if daring her to contradict.

"Give it up!" ordered the predictable Deedee. "She's a really devout Catholic. Any sex outside of traditional marriage is wrong to her."

"Bullshit!" Janey rejoined. "That Holy Mary act of hers is a smokescreen. She's afraid to grow up."

"Christ, listen to you! Katy's an intelligent adult, not an arrested development case. The woman's got a Phd., phi beta kappa. She's this town's head librarian. And she used to be your friend!"

"Used to be your friend, too," sullenly riposted Janey, "Until you got married."

Janey's reminder took the wind from Deedee's sails and she abruptly shut up, as did the others at

Bob, Rosie's latest, broke the ensuing uncomfortable silence by innocently asking Deedee and Paul, "But aren't you two in the perfect Catholic marriage? How could she object to that?"

"She doesn't," Deedee sighed. "It's what hap-

pened at the reception."

"Katy caught the bouquet," elucidated Paul. "God knows why, because she sure as hell wasn't into the garter thing."

"That's because she was wearing knee-highs under her bridesmaid gown," snickered Rosie.

"Could I say one thing from a man's perspective without being interrupted?" Paul requested, ignoring Rosie's raised middle finger. "Katy freaked when my best man pushed the garter over her knee."

"Virgin territory," muttered Janey.

"She kneed the poor guy in

the face, broke his nose, then ran out like someone had hurt her, not the other way round. Never apologized and dropped Deedee like a hot potato," Paul finished, chivalrously pretending he hadn't heard Janey.

"That was a long time ago," Deedee said in Katy's defense. "Katy's changed a lot since then. And she didn't drop me. We talk every Sunday after church."

Paul merely shrugged his shoulders in response, saying, "Well, that's my Katy story, for what it's worth."

"Some story", Bob commented, "And you gals are looking forward to seeing her again? Why?"

"It's a chick thing," his wife told him. "Katy was one of us, and furthermore," she added, pointing at the gym's entrance, "She just walked in."

All heads turned to look at the attractive and welldressed, if somewhat plump, woman at the door, who was surveying the crowded room.

"Yo, Katy! Over here!" Carol bellowed, shaking the very rafters with the power of her larynx. Katy waved in reply and approached the table.

"She looks perfectly normal to me," Dick whispered to Janey.

"Yeah? She still lives at home with her mother,"

Janey hissed cattily. Out loud, she exclaimed, "Katy, you haven't changed a bit! Come sit between Deedee and me!"

Katy complied and soon the old schoolmates were chattering simultaneously with girlish vivacity about past times and recent doings.

"Oh, I've been pretty busy, what with my regular job and supervising the design of the new library," said Katy. "The state gave me a three-million dollar budget. I'm thinking of moving to Rio!" she joked.

Feeling like an eavesdropper in a girls' locker room, Dick listened to the Ladies. From what he observed, there was nothing odd about Katy. She obviously bore her friends no animosity and apparently was both mature and smart enough to direct a multi-million dollar project. The Ladies' gossip was just bitchiness. Sometimes women could be so mean behind each others' backs - especially his beloved Janey.

"So, Kate, you seeing anyone?" Sue asked, breaking Dick's train of thought.

"Not right now."

"Well, then tell us about the last guy...or gal, you slept with," Janey kidded, with typical ribald humor.

Dick realized that if she'd said the same to anyone else in the group, it would have been funny, but he noticed that Katy stiffened at the jest.

"Jesus Christ, you guys! You could have at least sent a rescue party!" suddenly said another facetious voice. It was Gerry, holding a tray full of drinks, back from the fray at the bar. Noticing a new face and a familiar awkwardness at the

table, she quickly shook Katy's hand, saying, "You must be Katy.

I'm Gerry."

"Hi," Katy replied monosyllabicly, still flustered by Janey, and bewildered - trying to place Gerry in the class of '76.

Gerry continued, "You know, Katy, the damnedest thing just happened to me at the bar."

"What?" asked Katy gamely.

"While I was waiting for our drinks, a woman walked up to me and sprayed me with perfume. When I asked her what the hell she was doing, she said it was a special potion that would turn me into a lesbian." Gerry paused and smiled ironically for those in the know, then went on, "Anyway, it smells real nice. Here, take a whiff."

She leaned close to Katy's face, giving Katy no option except to oblige with a discreet lady-like sniff. As Katy daintily inhaled, Gerry, always the clown of any party, kissed her full on the lips.

The 1976 Lady Sentinels' star athlete's lighteningfast punch laid Gerry flat out, bleeding from the mouth, across the nearby table of aghast middleaged cheerleaders. As Carol, the rest of the Ladies, and their guests rushed to the fallen Gerry's aid, Janey turned to Deedee and sneered triumphantly, "Told you so."



This story is dedicated to Paula Houston, Utah's Porn Czar.





Erosion
Self-Titled
ErosionArts Records

With the brilliant packaging of Erosion's first full-length, designed by drummer Dave Boogert with artwork by singer Jon Bean, you expect something exceptional inside. But then Erosion has become one of the best-loved local bands in the last year or so. This is because the rootsy, punk-influenced noise they create isn't just for it's own sake, but is in the service of expressing intense emotional messages. "If I get right through/to those things that are troubling you/ maybe it will be just the thing/ for us to do, tell me all about it/scream and shout about it," Bean sings, and they never do fail to make a connection. "Western Hanging" and other favorites from their EP released last year are included, as well as new numbers. Producer Terrance D.H. adds the attention to detail he is known for in his work with Magstatic and other Salt Lake bands. This will be a strong contender for album of the year in local polls.

-Stakerized!

shuvel set it off. Interscope

As if one rage against the machine or one Korn-type band wasn't enough, here comes shuvel. If you like those type of bands then you're stoked. Shuvel are Wannabe tough guys who like to rap over metal. There is even a picture of the band with a pit bull to prove how tough they are. I am scared.

-mik

Magstatic Wrist Rockets & Roller Coasters

Four or five years ago in between moving from San Diego to San Francisco I moved back in with the family, here in SLC. With no car, going to shows was strategically difficult; albeit my mother would lend me hers, on the condi-

tion that I'd only drink one beer. Point being - one fine night at what was then the Bar & Grill, drinking one pitcher and waiting for the Stella Brass to finish setting up, I found myself outside on the patio speaking with none other than Jaime of Iceburn/Insight/ Ratchet/Veinmelter fame. being band geeks we started talking about the bands we were trying to assemble. He was looking for a singer. I was looking for a new drum machine. Speaking of singers, Jaime mentioned the near mantra of local musicians, "Everyone either moves away or quits playing." Or something to that effect. Then we talked about how Terrance D.H. was no longer playing in a band. Both having opened for the Stench, Bad Yodelers, and Season of the Spring at one time or another; we both were saddened by the loss of one of Salt Lake's hardcore cult figures. Magstatic is Terrance's newest band (don't call it a comeback, James) This isn't their first release, but in my opinion it's their best. Fast Dag Nasty inspired emocore. Melodic, jangly, post-punk verging on indie. A three piece. The Stench were a three piece. Tried and true formulas work, like the 2" analog tape Terrance recorded this one at Counterpoint Studios. Check it out and see them live at a venue near -Lewis Ristick

Fabulous Disaster
Put Out Or Get Out
Pink & Black

Bubble Gum Punk! Love it or Hate it? If you are in the teen demographic that enjoys all the talent of bands like Green Day, MxPx, and The Offspring than you will absolutely love this fabulous piece of crap. Seeing that Fat Mike produced this all girl outfit's freshman album, one would think it might be alright, in that alright NOFX kind of way. Before I popped this piece of shit into my music maker I decided to take a gander at the press release. After reading the first page I knew this disc was gonna suck. I'm sure glad they list what tattoos they have and where they have them, because with out this huge selling point they would never make it to MTV. Crappy wanna-be Go-Gos vocals with a generic punk sound should be flooding the airwaves and your shallow craniums soon.

-Ricky Stink

Modern English The Best of Modern English: Life in the Gladhouse 1980-1984

4AD

Modern English decided to release a Best of CD. If you weren't able to find an import copy of "I Melt With You", now's your chance. Modern English decided to put their infamous recording of "I Melt With You" on this album. I also would put a song that won a BMI award for being played over 1 million times on a best of CD. Wouldn't you? To hear more about Modern English check out www.beggars. com/us. Modern English released this album on March 20. Recommended.

-Echo

Brassy
Got It Made
Wiiija/the Beggars Group

There's a lot of buzz going around about this band. Primarily because of their lead singer (Muffin Spencer) being Ion Spencer's sister. I had a basset hound named Muffin when I was little. My parents bought her from the same litter as the Osmonds' puppy. Our dog's middle name was Marie in their honor. Now Muffin Marie had a tendency to growl playfully and grab little kids by the ankles, scaring the shit out of them and their parents. Brassy has some of the same attitude. Big analog beats, distorted guitar riffs, melodic bass lines, and snotty raps like, "Nothing can compete/to the B.R.A.doubleS.Y. beat." Fans of Le Tigre take notice. -Lewis Ristick

Fairweather
If They Move...Kill Them
Equal Vision Records

For this record review, I decided to follow the Dynamic Rock Journalism for Dummies-Lesson One that was presented by White Trash Steve in his record review for The Vigilantes last month. So, hopefully, I will be able to use this formula to good use for the Fairweather review, since I want to be able to get chicks by using my pen name and my well-respected and versatile rock knowledge. Okay, first: elitist intelligence and comparison to other bands, (the more obscure the better). Fairweather brings to mind such epic masterpieces as Jimmy Eat World's Clarity, Shift's Spacesuit, and Elliot's U.S. Songs. How's that? Oh, wait, I forgot, "Fairweather meets with emo rock with arithmetic rock." Next step: I'm the first to have listened to this record in Utah and that was way back when. And fortunately, this effort sounds nothing like corporate and it doesn't smack of overproduced effort. It's actually pretty damn good, and is easily the best disc of this month. Third: long rant about the state of radio blandness and how they don't allow for good bands like this to get played on the radio. Which is actually true, for Fairweather because they have such an intelligent well thought out sound that disqualifies them from rotation on bland and mediocre play lists of local 'alternative' radio stations. Alright, I did it, a well done record review. Does my name look good in print? Because no chicks have called me yet and I even used my super cool pen name.

-Kevlar7

Thursday
Full Collapse
Victory Records

Recipe for "modern" rock: Begin with a lilting, or pretty even, rhythm. Kinda slow and soft, think 'pleasant.' Toss in a liberal amount of melody for a sappy zip. Next, step up the tempo and add a dash of distortion. For a sassy flair start screaming the bridge or chorus (or both!) in the harshest monster voice your sissy-la-la-ass can muster. Don't overdo it! A little goes a long way. Bring back the lilting rhythm, or simply return to start of song. Be sure to mix genres thoroughly in an attempt to accommodate all tastes. Remember this is a numbers game! Repeat these processes until song boils to an end. Do the same on every track. Everyone will buy it, but in a year they won't remember why. Good luck!



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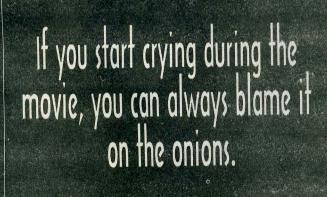


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-Shame Shady

Q AND NOT U NO KILL NO BEEP BEEP Dischord

There was a time in my life when I purchased every record Dischord pressed. Some of my favorite bands from my formative years were on the Dischord label. Shudder to Think, Hoover, Circus Lupus, Fugazi, Rites of Spring, and Soulside. Q AND NOT U are obviously influenced by their label's catalog. Frantically driving, jangly guitars. Smooth dub-inspired bass lines. Urgent sounding vocals, ranging from falsetto to screams. Math meets emo. And as always \$10

post paid from Dischord. Playing Kilby Court May 2. -Lewis Ristick

Fuck

Cupid's Cactus Smells Like Records

Fuck isn't the aural assault you might imagine from their name or even judging by their label, Sonic Youth's Sounds Like Records. These songs are more low-key, jazz influenced to the point of having a bit of swing in the drumming, and even room noise in the background. But the chord structures are decidedly rock, laid back though they may

be. Maybe they mean their name not as a vulgarity at all but in the sense of the emotional urgency of the act, with all its complications. This is certainly a complex album. with its share of melancholia, but which, again like the act, rewards those who take their time to enjoy it to the fullest. There's a sound of an infant burbling on one song, as though to remind of the possible aftereffuckts. "Someday I'll stop wasting your time," Tim Prudhomme sings, with characteristic modesty. But if you're listening to this you're not wasting your time at all. Playing at Kilby Court April 8, part of their "farewell tour"-they'll

still record as a unit, but it's your last chance to see them live.

-Stakerized!

Daft Punk
Discovery

Virgin Records'

The return of the revolutionary French pioneers Thomas Bangalter & Guy-Manuel de Homen-Christo (AKA Daft Punk) finds the duo still disguised under masks (this time of the 80's intergalactic variety) yet with their sonically-irresistible sound fully in check. Self-proclaiming their new sound as "revolutionary" (which is a slight stretch) the music of Discovery is at least in top form; with killer hooks, samples, and choruses to spare. The caveat here then seems to be the over-use of a vocoder. On cuts such as "One More Time" the instrument detracts from guest Romanthony's otherwise fine vocal contribution. Fortunately, he is let loose on the stunning house closer, "Too Long." On self-performed tracks like the "Harder, Better, Faster, clever Stronger" and the enthralling "Digital Love" (where the duo shares the vocal duties) the vocoder helps propel their own anonymity. But the most amazing "discovery" here is the stellar instrumental tracks, especially the Barry

Manilow-sampled "Superheroes." So while arguably not as ground-breaking as their excellent debut was, Daft Punk's *Discovery* is still well worth the voyage.

-Son of Damian

Benjamins

The art of disappointment
Drive-Thru Records

In the press packet from the label this is how the Benjamins are described: "They're the Cars filtered through Built to Spill and Weezer, cut with just a dash of snotty, poppunk for flavor". My skin had already started to crawl. I had been quickly turned off and ready to just bullshit my way through a halfassed review. I decided that just for the sake of entertainment I'd throw it in and try to listen, besides the cover of the album gave it this kind of cool Japanese pop look. Kids, don't make the same mistake. Don't judge this book by its cover. A short 10 seconds into the first song and I was completely bored. I'd heard it a dozen times before. Nothing terribly original or good. I could predict the chorus lyrics and chords with 100% accuracy. Call me jaded, but I think that the whole pop punk thing could just be a little overrated.

-Mindy Mink



Atom & His Package Redefining Music Hopeless Records

Atom's "package" is a sequencer, and it seems like he's using it to conquer the world. At least there are few songwriting subjects he hasn't tackled. From the former Judas Priest singer in "Hats Off to Halford" to the Jewish conspiracy/Jewish pride anthem "What We Do On Xmas" to "If You Own the Washington Redskins, You're A Cock." He's also known to cover Fugazi, Madonna, the Geto Boys and Youth of Today. File under the same eccentric music folder as the Causey Way and Wesley Willis. The world tour hits Kilby Court April 18.

-Stakerized!

Scannerfunk

Wave Of Light By Wave Of Light Sulphur Records/ Beggars Banquet Under the name of Scanner, Robin Rimbaud has been described as a master of ambient techno, creating soundscapes out of anonymous conversations that drift off and fade into themselves and oblivion. Under this new moniker, adding the deceptively simple word "funk" to his title, he has created something refreshingly different. Almost entirely instrumental (with mostly muted vocals here and there) the "funkiness" perhaps is the way such seemingly sim-

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plistic songs as "Speechless" and the haunting "Ice That Abandons Me" morph into quite something else. In fact, the irresistible layout of the album's ten tracks, (building from the opener "I Am Calm" and the quiet beauty of "Light Turned Down," to the full-force of "Spinique" and then semi-calming down again until the drum'n'bassish closer, "Thumb Print,") show Rimbaud's widely varied skills as a musician and producer. Wave Of Light By Wave Of Light's complexity certainly demands then rewards your attention. -Son of Damian Chumbawamba

What You See Is What You Get Republic

The smartest band in the world demonstrates yet again that punk is not a sound but an attitude and a way of life. Being European and perennial witnesses of American culture makes them particularly qualified to offer a subjective critique on the effects our lifestyle has on the world. From the Moral Majority to the ambiguities of a rich bunch of anarchists they drop more knowledge than you're likely to be able to process in one sitting. With lines like: 'I'm just scraping the social dogma from the bottom of my soul.' (from joint #8 "Social Dogma") they're out to kill your cool and make you earn it instead. As opposed to purchasing it at your favorite stripmall. I owe Echo for urging this one on me. It won't blow speakers but it will get stuck in your

-Shame Shady

S Club 7

Interscope

I figured I would be the one to pull S Club 7 off the shelf, since I am probably the only gimp-ass girl admitting to see the Spice Girls perform in Dallas live in 1998. (Hey, it was free!) Plus I noticed this disc on Kevlar7's shelf while making out with him

on our date, in his wet dream. Well, I'm sure you guessed when I mentioned the Spice Girls you instantly discounted this CD. Great! Unless you like The Brady Bunch, The Osmonds, or The Partridge Family, then you'll think this CD is totally GROOVY. It happens to be a bunch of Brits that were manufactured into the pop band S Club 7. Well, if you DIG on prepubescent music and Kevlar7 then you'll have to make a run for Virgin Records. I think they are the only one carrying this CD.

The Idea of Space Self-titled **Red Triangle Records**



Local band the Idea of Space explores all kinds of space, inner and outer, on their first, self-produced EP. Repetitive rhythms and guitar riffs with subtle variations add up to an advanced degree in math rock. "Flying Monkees" and "Pikle's Next Level" stand out, among other tracks. You can often see vocal/guitarist Jeremy Smith's other band Alchemy playing out. Smith and drummer Josh Knight are also in the as-yet-unnamed supergroup with Eli Morrison, Jesse Winters and Carrie from Tarn that debuted at the Moroccan earlier this year. Check out the label site at redtrianglerecords.com. Hassle Power Ride page coming soon! -Stakerized!

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has to pass the torch, it will undoubtedly be to Integrity. INSTANT MAG





CATCH 22



WATERDOWN Yever Kill The Boy On The First Date.... IN STORES 05/08

WALLY CALENDAR

Sunday, April 1

Kevlardance!- Delta Center SLUG croquet night: Mallets for Mullets.

benefits charity haircutting organization. -The Mallet Factory, Clearfield

Thursday, April 5

Guster- Brick's

Shimmy She Wobble-Burt's Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues Band-

Cicero's Gearl Jam- Dead Goat Huge- Getty's Djate-Harry O's

Throwdown, "Outcast Or Smoking Gun" (music/movie night)- Kilby

Tanglewood-Liquid Joe's Regina Carter-Peery's Egyptian

Theater (Ogden)

Mumble & Peg, Alchemy, Optimist

Prime- YaBut's

Ominous Seapods- Zephyr

Friday, April 6

Julia Davis Allen Band-Border's Downtown

Laughing Man-Bourbon St. Bar

Metal Meltdown-Burt's Body Talk- Cicero's

Lisa Marie & the CoDependents-

Dead Goat

J Spot, Kuemmerley Quintet-

Dragonfly Cafe

Hot Water Music, Leatherface, Small

Brown Bike- DV8

Liquid Friction- Getty's

Highball Train- Hog Wallow Disco Drippers-Liquid Joes

Zack Parrish- Mulligan's

Metal Tears- The Ritz

Seven Grand, Hospital Food-YaBut's

Young Dubliners-Zephyr

Saturday, April 7

Tangent- 364 w. 600 s. Provo (1 pm.) Laughing Man-Bourbon St. Bar

Alchemy, This Life-Burt's Cinnamon Brown & the Eskimos-

Cicero's

Honey Pot- Dead Goat Grand Theft Audio, Sprung Monkey, Zebrahead- DV8 Marmalade Hill- Getty's Mocha Joe-Hog Wallow

Amateur Rocket Club CD release, The Maybellines, Breezy Porticos-

Kilby Court Disco Drippers-Liquid Joe's

Soul Patrol-Mulligan's Metal Tears, Emotional Wreck,

Dagan-The Ritz

Bill Miller-University Fine Arts Aud. Stonefed-YaBut's

Young Dubliners-Zephyr

Sunday, April 8 Highball Train-Burt's

Fuck- Kilby Court

Monday, April 9

Hurricane Lamps-Burt's

Mark Hummel-Dead Goat Fastball, Collective Soul-Huntsman

Low, Coastal-Johnny B's (Provo)

Tree O'Frogs-Mulligan's

Jonatha Brooke-Zephyr

Tuesday, April 10

Blues Jam-Burt's Stonefed-Liquid Joe's

Ramona the Pest-Kilby Court

Chupacabra- Mulligan's

Vinyl- Zephyr

Wednesday, April 11

Pissed On Arrival-Burt's

The Rubes- Dead Goat Mountain States Indiegirl Show-

Lazy Moon

Maladjusted, Drive-Liquid Joe's Phunk Junkeez- Zephyr

Thursday, April 12

Thee-O- Brick's

Spleen-Burt's

Down Boy-Cicero's

DJ Icey- Club Axis

J Spot, Kuemmerley Quintet-Cup Of

Lazy Crazies- Dead Goat AC/DC, Slash's Snakepit- Delta

Concrete Skull- Getty's Banyan- Harry O's Mother Function, Broken Half-

YaBut's Friday, April 13

Georgette Dashiell-Border's

Downtown

Figment- Brick's

Unlucky Boys, Wormdrive-Burt's

Those One Guys-Cicero's Zion Tribe-Dead Goat

Lars Fredrickson & the Bastards-DV8

Wicked Innocence- Getty's Disco Drippers-Harry O's

Fat Paw-Hog Wallow Lenny Dokes-Kilby Court

Lo-Fi Breakdown- Mulligan's Lovesucker, Fumamos (split stage)-YaBut's

Saturday, April 14

Georgette Dashiell-Border's Murray Fugazi-Brick's

PooPeeDee & SLC All-Stars- Burt's

Killer Tomatoes-Cicero's

Kettle Fish- Dead Goat

Flatline Syndicate- Getty's

Tanglewood-Hog Wallow

Hot Rod Circuit- Kilby Court

The Given-Liquid Joe's

Chris Proctor, Megan Peters- UofU

Social Work Aud.

Abstract Tribe Unique, Boom Bap Project, Bus Driver, Ol Dominion, Swollen Members- The Warehouse Erosion, Withered Bitch- YaBut's

Sunday, April 15

Highball Train-Burt's

Monday, April 16

Hemi Cuda- Burt's Tiki Lounge Kenny Neal-Dead Goat Holly Figueroa, Stacey Board-

Dragonfly Cafe Jurassic 5- University Union Ballroom

Tuesday, April 17

Michael Hill Blues Mob-Beatnik's

Blues Jam-Burt's

Nova Paradiso-Liquid Joe's Wednesday, April 18

Slickrock Gypsies-Border's Downtown

MOP, Smut Peddler-Brick's Tommy Gun Killers, Corleones-

Three Bad Jacks- Dead Goat Atom & His Package- Kilby Court Sauteed Mushrooms-Liquid Joe's Old Man Johnson-SLCommunity

College, Redwood (10:30AM) Thursday, April 19

Revelators-Burt's

Passage-Cicero's Marti Brom & the Barnshakers- Dead

Fenix TX, Benjamins, Sum 41-DV8 Bennion Road, Millhouse- Getty's

Pilut, Old Man Johnson-Liquid Joes Off Balance, the lets- YaBut's

Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash-Zephyr Friday, April 20

Erosion, The Hitch-Burt's

Royal Bliss-Cicero's

Backwash- Dead Goat

Huge, KarmaKanics- Getty's

Body Talk- Hog Wallow

Fat Paw-Mulligan's

"Projections" Art & Music Show-

The Warehouse Gallery Confederate Railroad-Westerner

Dan Morley- YaBut's

Saturday, April 21

Covenant, And One- Area 51

Magstatic-Burt's Royal Bliss-Cicero's

Armed & Dangerous- Dead Goat Evan & Jaron, Flying Blind- Evan &

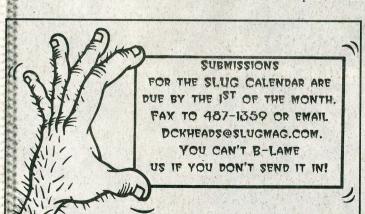
Jaron, Flying Blind- DV8

Gallagher- E Center Iris DeMent- Gallivan Center

Veloure- Hog Wallow Sub-Indecision- Kilby Court

Vertical Skinny, Burner- YaBut's

Sunday, April 22 Highball Train-Burt's



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Monday, April 23
Lenny Dokes- Burt's
Kris Wiley- Dead Goat
The Shipping News- Kilby Court
Terence Blanchard- Sheraton City Center
Old Man Johnson- Zephyr
Tuesday, April 24

Boy Sets Fire, Death By Stereo, Sick Of It All-Brick's Blues Jam-Burt's

Jerry Cantrell, MIRV- DV8 Koonda Hula- Kilby Court

Keller Williams- Zephyr Wednesday, April 25

Anthony Gomes-Beatnik's T-Bone Blues Band- Dead Goat

Rocket From the Crypt, the Explosion, Intl. Noise

Conspiracy- DV8
Brandston- Kilby Court
Thursday, April 26

B-Side- Brick's Edgar's Mule- Burt's

Gearl Jam, Winefield- Dead Goat

Spare Change- Kilby Court Lenny Dokes- YaBut's

Friday, April 27 Rocket 350- Burt's Soul Patrol- Dead Goat Iuliana Theory- DV8

Mark Chesnutt, Tracy Lawrence- Delta Center

Divas, Rich Wyman-Harry O's

13th Avenue Band- *Hog Wallow* Barry Martin, Rodney Carrington- *Westerner*

Tool Loose, Unfold- YaBut's Grady Champion, Johnny Winter- Zephyr Saturday, April 28
Thunderfist, King Rat- Burt's
Swing Gorillas- Dead Goat
Jo Dee Messina, Rascal Flatts- Dee Events Center
Toadies, Enon, Elliott- DV8
Bon Jovi, SR-71- Delta Center
Blues-a-Phonics- Hog Wallow

Badger King- Kilby Court
Opposable Thumb, Common Ground- YaBut's

Sunday, April 29 Happy Birthday Kevlar7! Highball Train- Burt's

Paul Galaxy & Galactix- Dead Goat Punk Not Rock (film thing)- Kilby Court

Michelle Malone- Zephyr

Monday, April 30 Greg Piccolo & Heavy Juice- Dead Goat Shiner, Glory for Champions- Kilby Court

Old 97's- Zephyr Tuesday, May 1

Greg Piccolo- Beatnik's 98 Degrees, Baha Men- Delta Center

98 Degrees, Baha Men-Detta Center MU-330, Lawrence Arms, Big D & the Kids Table-Kilby

Wednesday, May 2

Victory at Sea, Q And Not U, Ted Leo-Kilby Court

Thursday, May 3
Badapple-Burt's

The Chamber Strings- Kilby Court

Friday, May 4

The Waxwings- Kilby Court

Saturday, May 5

Pick up the new SLUG- Anyplace Cool!

Spark Plug Sanjay- Kilby Court

Disco Bisquits- Zephyr

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Fri. & Sat. May 4th, 5th Marginal Phrophets

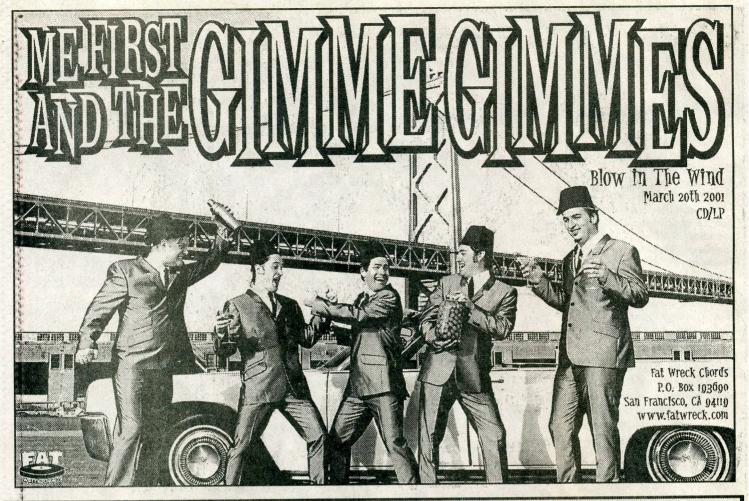
Wed. May 9th The Melvins w/ Hank Williams III

Wed. May 16th Gooding w/ Gerald Music

Thurs. May 31st Slender

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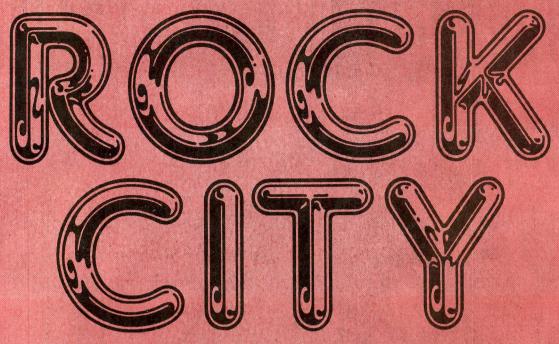


Zep	hyr		TEPHYR		APR	IL
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT
Over the	The Bean Stock	CEE KNOWLEDGE	4 PorterHouse	5 Ominous <i>Seapods</i>	Young E	7 Dubliners
Lion	Jonatha Brooks Karrie Akre	VINYL VIV	Phunk Junkeez slumpbuster	12 Tanglewood	Rubber neck	
Closed 15	Sleepy	17 White City	18 Karmakanics	19 Jackpot	Disco Drippers	
	La Beef			Robirth Bass Band		78888 480
22 Colin Reporton Dave Tate	La Beef 23 TBA	24 Keller Williams	25 CLUMSY LOVERS		27 Jonny Winter	28 The Given

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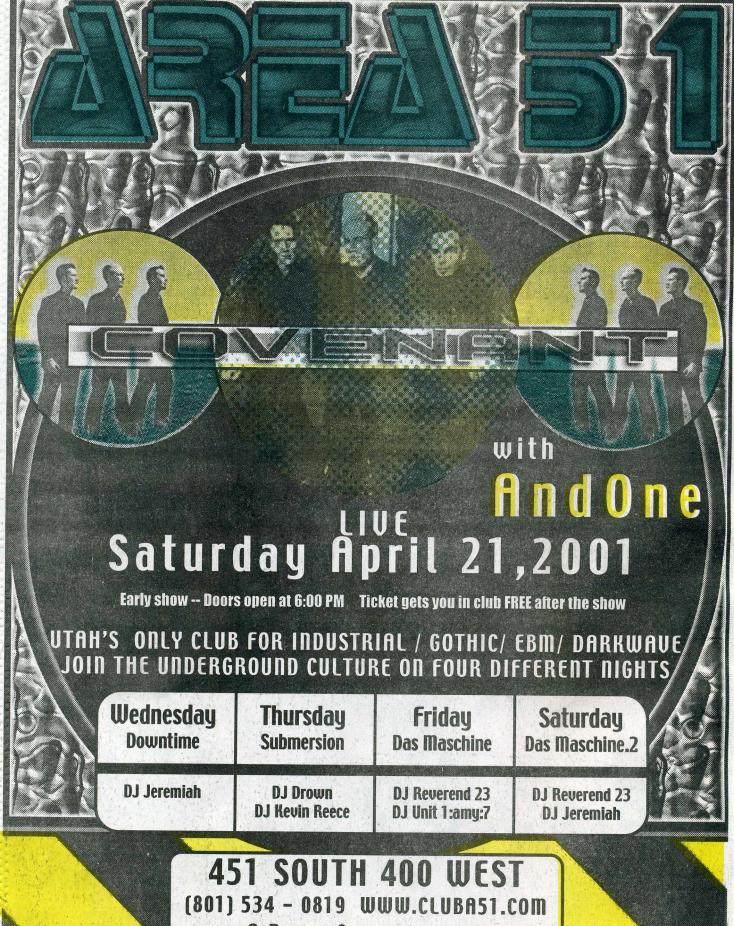
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